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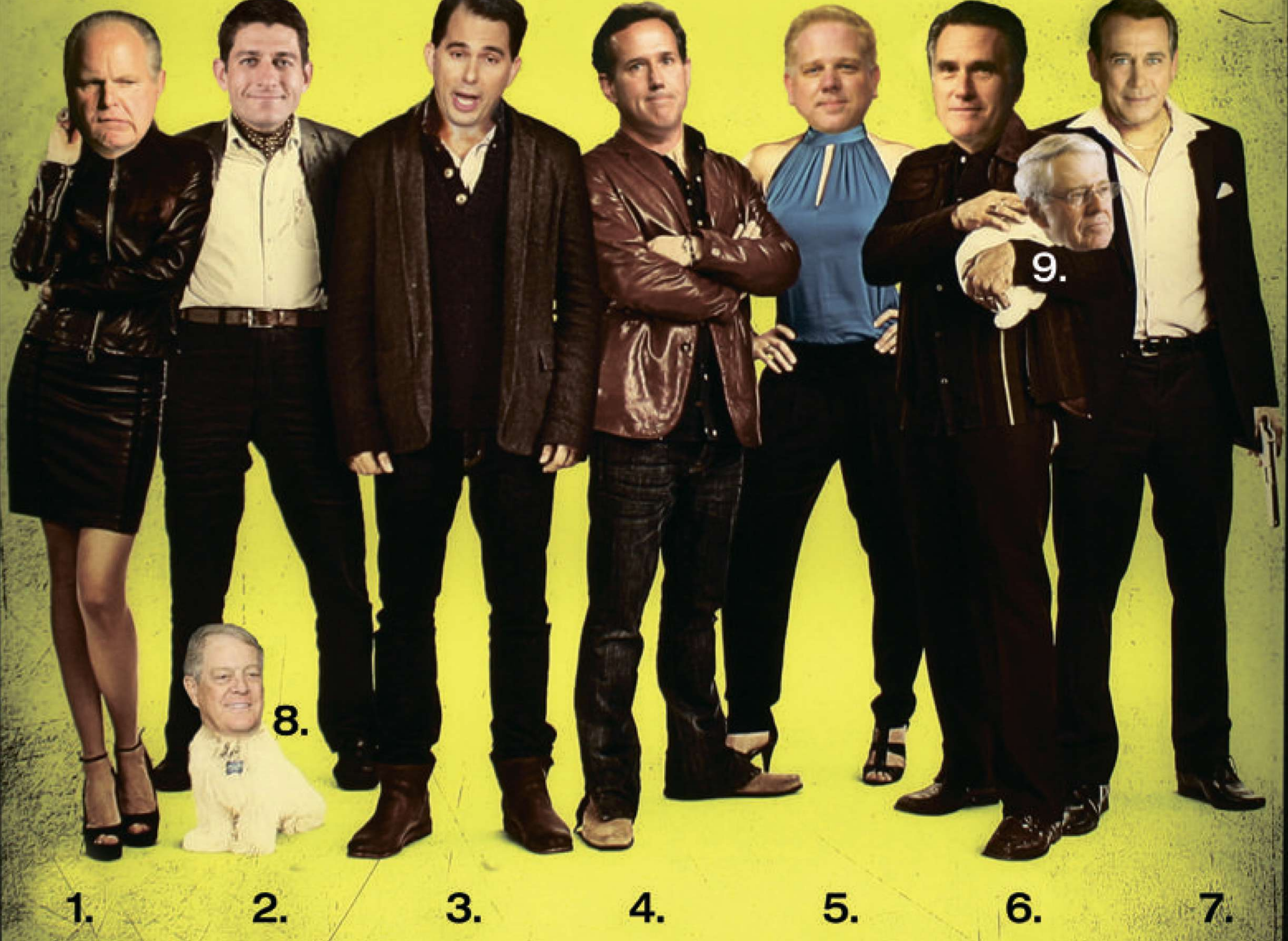
NINE PSYCHOPATHS

They're giving union-busting, healthcare-stealing psychotics a bad name.



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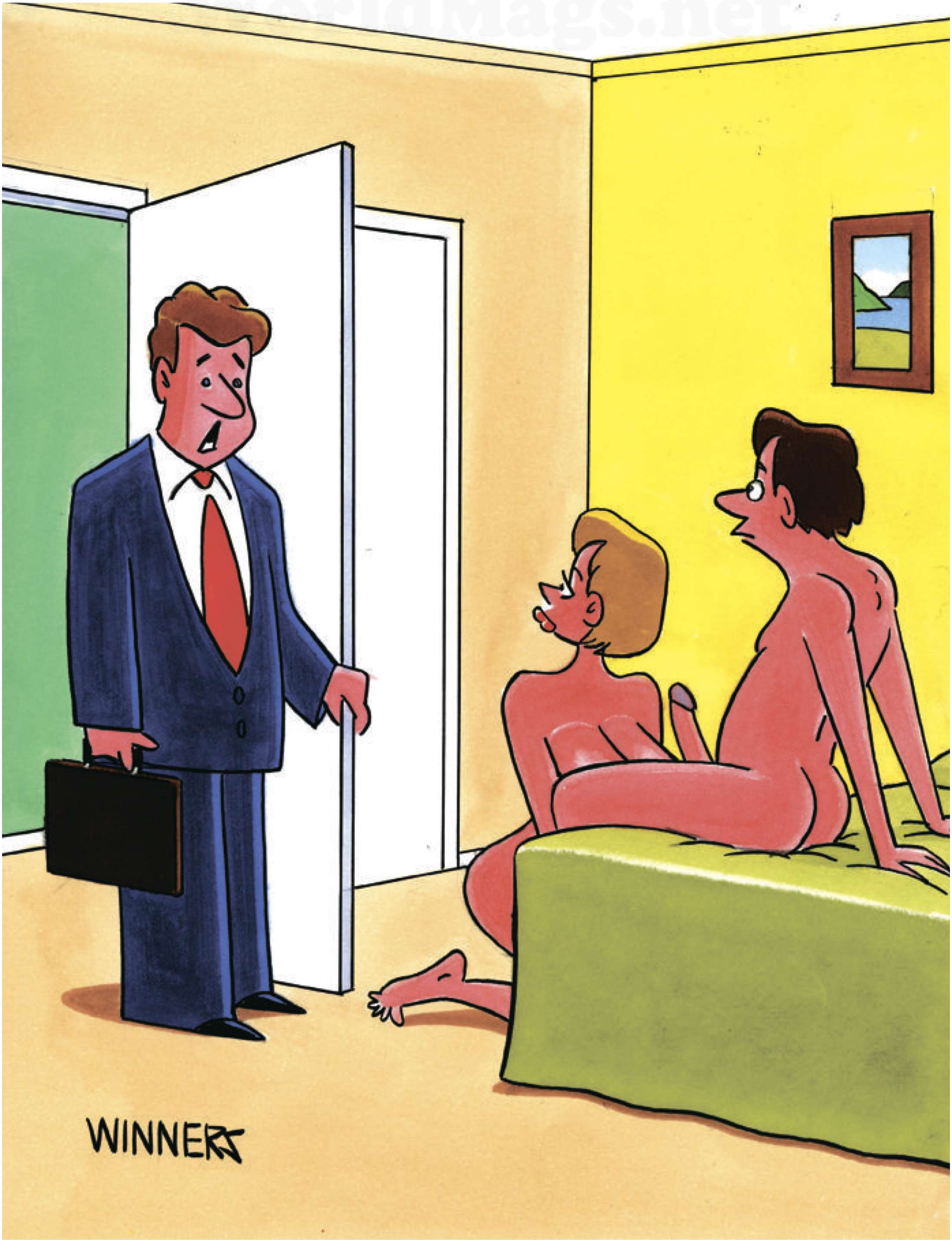

"Honey, how can you do this to me? Who is this little bitch?
And how long have you known her?!"

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

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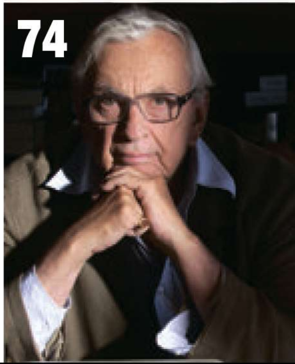

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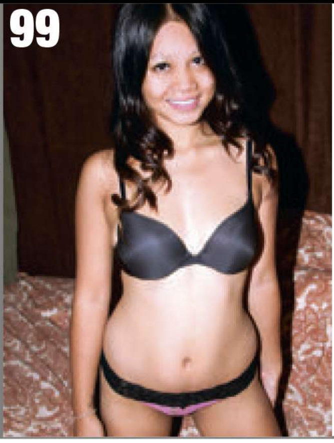

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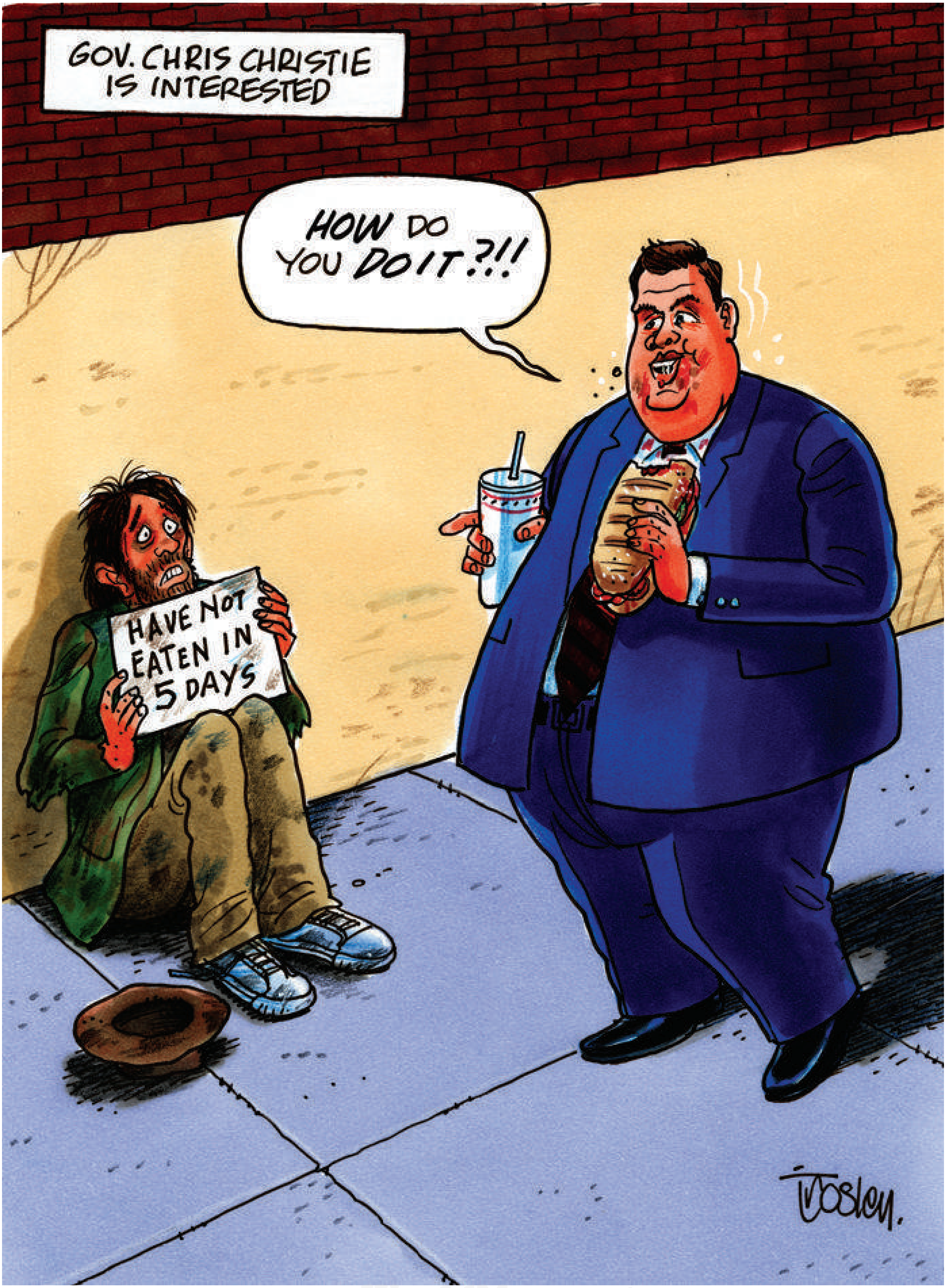
A MESSAGE TO THE NEW GENERATION

Your job has just begun. Every citizen's number-one duty is to vote. But after you do that, it's not over. Democracy is a daily struggle. No matter who's in the top job, you have to keep the heat on.

Make your voices heard. Protest injustice, take back the political process and see to it that our nation continues to guarantee free speech, gainful employment, adequate healthcare, full accountability and every one of our Constitutional rights.

It's your future. Fight for it.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


GOV. CHRIS CHRISTIE IS INTERESTED
HOW DO YOU DO IT?!!
HAVE NOT EATEN IN 5 DAYS

WHOLESALE CHARADE

NO MATTER WHO'S PRESIDENT, THE REAL WINNERS ARE WALL STREET AND THE FILTHY RICH—NOT THE SERFS WHO CAST VOTES.

Hallelujah! Every four years there's a Presidential election, and We the People should be excited about this exercise of our Constitutionally guaranteed democratic rights. Wrong! It's a pathetic charade that has nothing at all to do with the sort of republic of the free stakeholders that the founders of this nation had in mind when they wrote the Constitution. Instead, the stakeholders are mostly under water on their mortgages, the banksters and other corporate titans who control both parties have their way, and the rest of us have been categorically disenfranchised.

Thanks to a Republican-dominated Supreme Court—an institution the founders never intended to have such power—elections in the United States are now commodities for sale to the highest bidder. With a nation wrecked by Wall Street fraud, leaving the taxpayers stuck with a future of deep debt and a vast army of the unemployed and underemployed, the choice on Election Day 2012 boils down to good cop Obama and bad cop Romney.

If you still have any doubts about the two major parties' common endorsement of the financial industry's greed, refer to Neil Barofsky's book *Bailout: An Inside Account of How Washington Abandoned Main Street While Rescuing Wall Street.* A former federal prosecutor, Barofsky details his services as the special inspector general for TARP (Troubled Asset Relief Program) during the George W. Bush and Barack Obama administrations. Barofsky had contributed to the 2008 Obama campaign and voted for him even though Bush had appointed him to his inspector general position. He had done so expecting that a Democratic President would be more vigilant in policing the banks but was quickly disappointed. In Barofsky's first meeting with a team made up of Wall Street hustlers, he and his top assistant learned that the much vaunted Obama "change" would be more of the same.

"We had pinned so much hope on the changing of the guard with Obama's inauguration," Barofsky recounts in *Bailout.* "We'd expected that the new team we'd work with would care about holding the banks accountable for the billions of dollars they were receiving and would prioritize fraud prevention. But we'd just gotten a glimpse of the new TARP team, and it looked and sounded an awful lot like the old one."

Of course it did. In charge of TARP was Obama's new Treasury secretary, Timothy Geithner, who'd previously headed the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. (On Geithner's watch the New York Fed worked hand in glove with the Bush Administration in its first save-the-bankers crusade.) Before that, Geithner had been in the Bill Clinton Treasury Department when his bosses, Treasury secretaries Robert Rubin and then Lawrence Summers, teamed up with Congressional Republicans to end reasonable restraints on the banks—most significantly the Glass-Steagall Act, which had kept Wall Street in line for six decades.

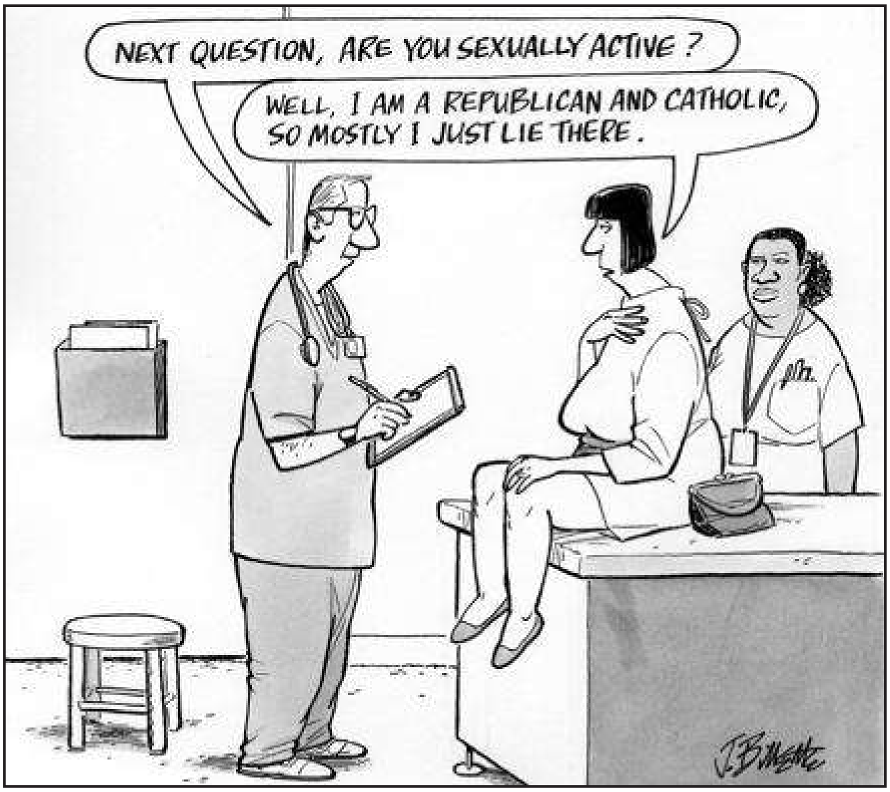
The result has been the sharpest increase in wealth disparity in our country's history. When the wealth of six individual heirs to the Walmart fortune has a net worth equal to that of 42% of Americans at the bottom—many earning miserably low wages at a Walmart store—you know that we are living in a feudalistic time. That is the opposite of the society that the founders of this once-great nation had in mind.

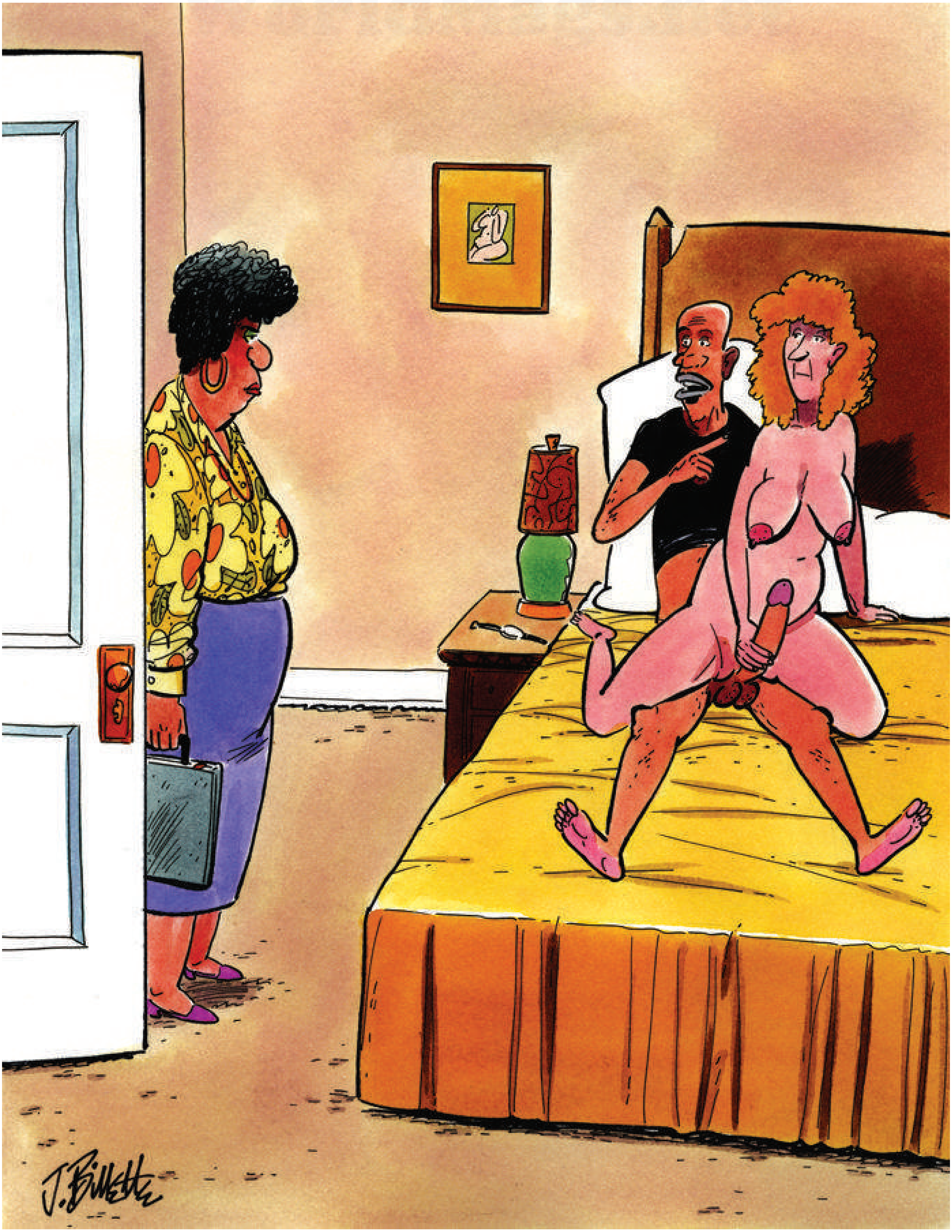
The criminals who produced this deep crisis, with no good end in sight, got get-out-of-jail-free cards because their swindles were declared legal by bipartisan-approved changes in the law. As former prosecutor Barofsky concludes in his must-read book on what has been the biggest scandal in U.S. history:

"Americans should lose faith in their government. They should deplore the captured politicians and regulators who distributed tax dollars to the banks without insisting that they be accountable. The American people should be revolted by a financial system that rewards failure and protects those who drove it to the point of collapse and will undoubtedly do so again. Only with this appropriate and justified rage can we hope for the type of reform that will one day break our system free from the corrupting grasp of the megabanks."

Instead of heeding that warning on Election Day, the voters—cheered on by the opportunists of the mass media—will channel their rage into a meaningless debate over two candidates who've sold their souls to the banksters.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*


NEXT QUESTION, ARE YOU SEXUALLY ACTIVE ?
WELL, I AM A REPUBLICAN AND CATHOLIC, SO MOSTLY I JUST LIE THERE.



"I swear, baby, this crazy white woman broke into our apartment
and sexually assaulted me!"

EDUCATION IS FLUNKING

STANDARDIZED TESTING OF YOUNG STUDENTS SHOULD BE LEFT BEHIND FOR GOOD.

We know that the No Child Left Behind law—the lingering legacy of the George W. Bush Administration—requires standardized testing to measure elementary-school students' proficiency in reading and math. But with emphasis placed on those learning tools, with a regimen of tests and more tests, many thousands of youngsters are deficient in history, civics, the arts and other subjects. There just isn't enough class time for vital knowledge anymore.

But now another misguided focus on standardized tests is sweeping the country. The new fashion mandates that in each grade, students must be collectively tested for proficiency in a wider range of subjects: "the common core."

Forty-five states have clambered onto this creaking bandwagon. Despite much public alarm about the stagnant economy, "the cost will be enormous," wrote Stephen Krashen, professor emeritus of education and linguistics at the University of Southern California, in a *New York Times* Sunday Dialogue devoted to "Improving Our Schools." Echoing what I and others have reported, Krashen pointed out, "Research shows that increasing testing does not increase achievement."

Young students are constantly pressured to pass these tests, which can determine the future course of their lives. But what I find more unforgivable is that teachers are utterly ignoring their students' *individual* needs and progress.

In another Sunday Dialogue letter, angry parent Stacy Hawkins described how collective standardized tests have made learning a curse rather than a joy: "Last year [2011] my son was in third grade. … And he was having a spectacular year. He looked forward to going to school every day. He was excited about learning, and he was performing extraordinarily well. That is, until about the middle of May, when preparations began in earnest for administration of his very first state standardized test.

"In the week leading up to the test, my son was constantly complaining of physical ailments. His normal enthusiasm for school waned, replaced by fear and dread. This same malady had apparently stricken many of the other children in the third to eighth grades. It was as if all of the children had contracted some strange testing flu."

Nonetheless, in New York City, where I live and have long been deeply disrespectful of standardized tests, Mayor Michael Bloomberg—who has proudly crowned himself "The Education Mayor"—plans to spend over half a billion dollars on technology in schools primarily so that students can take electronically delivered national tests on the aforementioned core subjects. The answer to this appalling waste of American students' capacities to become loving lifelong learners comes from 13 *Huffington Post* bloggers, including Sean Slade, director of Whole Child Programs at ASCD (formerly the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development).

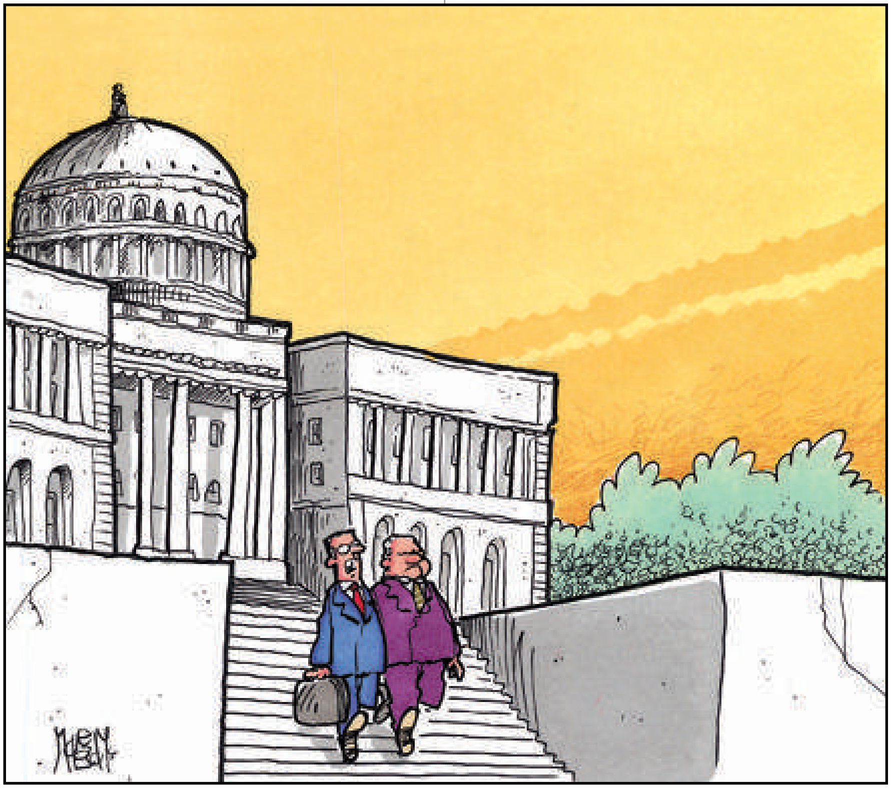
Their collaboration "In Support of the Whole Child" states: "We are at a crossroads in this nation regarding the direction that public education will take in the coming decades. Do we focus on a curriculum that concentrates on a few core subjects or do we gain an appreciation for how public education can develop all aspects of the child to the benefit of each of them as well as society in general? Do we place test preparation ahead of actually educating our children and test scores ahead of broader and more holistic approaches to evaluating students' competencies? These questions lay at the heart of the current debate about the future of public education in America."

A crucial aspect is the meaning of *holistic*, which according to the *Huffington Post* bloggers involves "encompassing the whole child, including the intellectual, artistic, physical, social, emotional, spiritual and civic development of students. A holistic approach brings together elements that support the development of a child who is healthy, knowledgeable, motivated and engaged, seeking to ensure all that is required for successful life and preparation for society."

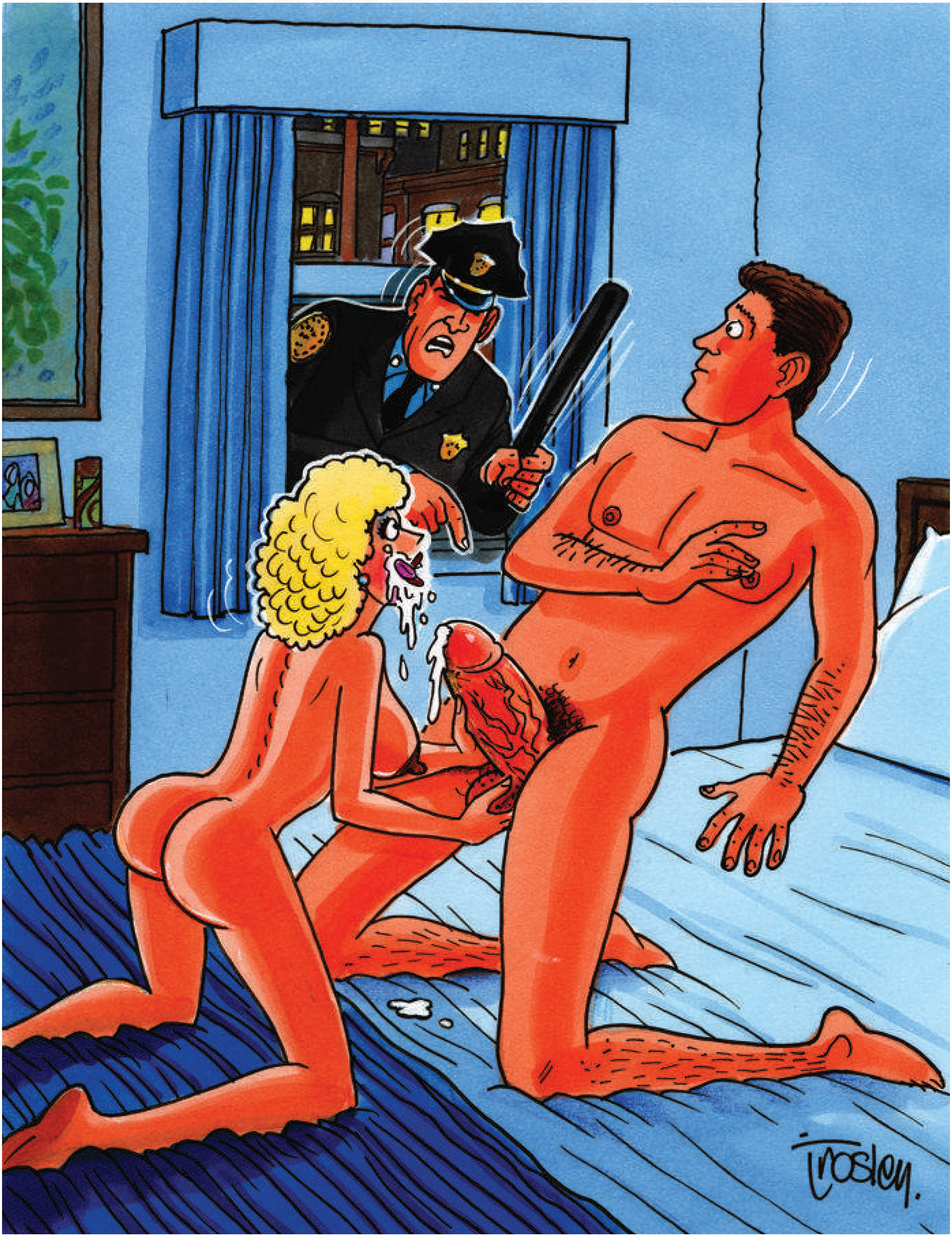
Educational reformer John Dewey (1859-1952), who laid some of the groundwork for the concept of the whole child, got it into one sentence: "Give the pupils something to do, not something to learn, and the doing is of such a nature as to demand thinking or the intentional noting of connections; learning naturally results."

Learning what it is to be an American involves not only being aware of what actually is going on in your school, neighborhood, city, state, country and the world but also being an active participant. These days, thanks to digital media, we can make ourselves heard anywhere and anytime, starting quite young. It's a crying shame that educators would rather smother their students with standardized tests. As a result, the students lose who they are and what they want to become.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"It's possible 80 Democrats in Congress are Communists, but there are 242 Republicans who are assholes."



“Hey, this is New York City. The mayor doesn’t want you to have containers of drinks 16 ounces or larger!”

Homecoming

I am writing to report my return from a yearlong deployment in Qatar. When I heard the news that I'd be leaving the States for a year, I almost cried knowing I would be without HUSTLER.

As you may already know, porn mags are not allowed into Muslim countries. And we wonder why they're so angry. I'm telling you, if they had HUSTLER coming to them each month with all the mouth-watering young babes, the whole world would be at peace. Although Qatar is not a typical Muslim country (people there are nice and peaceful), they would be ecstatic every day with the ladies of HUSTLER.

I missed you guys so much, the first thing I did upon my return was restart my subscription. I also went and bought all the back issues I missed. Man, my dick had been deprived of a year of greatness. I haven't stopped stroking my cock since I returned.

So keep it up, HUSTLER crew, and I'll stay up! Good to be back in America with my HUSTLER subscription. **—M.T.**

Newport News, Virginia

Pawn State U.

It appears that everyone is (deliberately or naively) missing the underlying common denominator in the Penn State scandal and the ensuing NCAA sanctions. It is my understanding that the Penn State football program "earns" approximately $60 million in profit per year. Some of the money is used to subsidize other PSU sports teams and pay for academic scholarships earmarked for athletes. None of the money is used to reduce the cost of tuition, books, lodging, etc.

I must have been under the false impression that some table scraps made it to the students. Do they attend PSU as well or do they just serve as a front for the university's real "Mission Statement"? Didn't college sports spawn from the belly of academics? Somewhere along the lines, someone decided it would be better if they hijacked the universities and converted them to athletic facilities, and in so doing disrupt the whole premise behind the concept of a "learning institution."

The reason for Mr. Paterno's cover-up is to protect, preserve and defend his almighty empire in which he had elevated himself to the throne of a god-king. There was no way he was going to allow the exposure of child rape jeopardize his royal highness-ness.

It's time to permanently sever the twisted and corrupting umbilical cord that has had a stranglehold on college academics for far too long. The careers of athletes can not be incubated on the backs of students. **—Joe Bialek**

Cleveland, Ohio

Push for Pink

I checked out your magazine many times before. Where are the big pussy lips that I remember? You used to be that magazine that had shots of pussy laid out everywhere! The stuff you've been publishing seems so different. **—Lou**

Lowell, Massachusetts

First time we've heard that, Lou, but don't worry. We'll throw in some extra pink for you.

Stargazer

I'm sitting here watching a HUSTLER video, a superb piece of delicious nastiness titled *HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories*, featuring a dead ringer for Lindsay Lohan from her *Playboy* photo-shoot. Great stuff, guys! The best! The Scarlett Johansson video was also top-notch!

More celebs please! How about lookalikes of Britney Spears, Kristen Stewart and maybe Miley Cyrus? Or even a *Hunger Games* parody featuring a Jennifer Lawrence clone? Staying stiff just thinking about it! Much appreciation! **—Buzzy Stephens**

Johnson County, Kentucky

Great ideas, Buzzy! We'll be sure to keep them in mind.

Germany's Franziska Facella added full-body flavor to our October '12 issue.

Bedazzled

I've been getting HUSTLER for a few months now, and I have to say that the October '12 cover and pictorial of Franziska Facella [*Ladies' Choice*] are truly phenomenal. The best I've seen so far! I really like the fact that all of the shots are with her eyes open, looking into the camera. I've been very impressed with the quality, especially the clarity, of the photography in the magazine. *Busty Beauties on the Prowl* was also a jaw-dropper.

More layouts like these would be a welcome sight for me in future issues! I wish I had discovered your mag years ago! Also, thanks for making back issues easy to acquire. **—J.D.**

Lafayette, Louisiana

Tasty Brew

The photos of Franziska Facella are proof that the Germans have more to offer than fine beer. Also, I am happy to report that Time Warner has heard my prayers and now includes HUSTLER TV as part of its cable system. BTW: Isn't it time America had a naked news channel chock-full of hot pussy? **—Gregory Podsada**

Trevor, Wisconsin

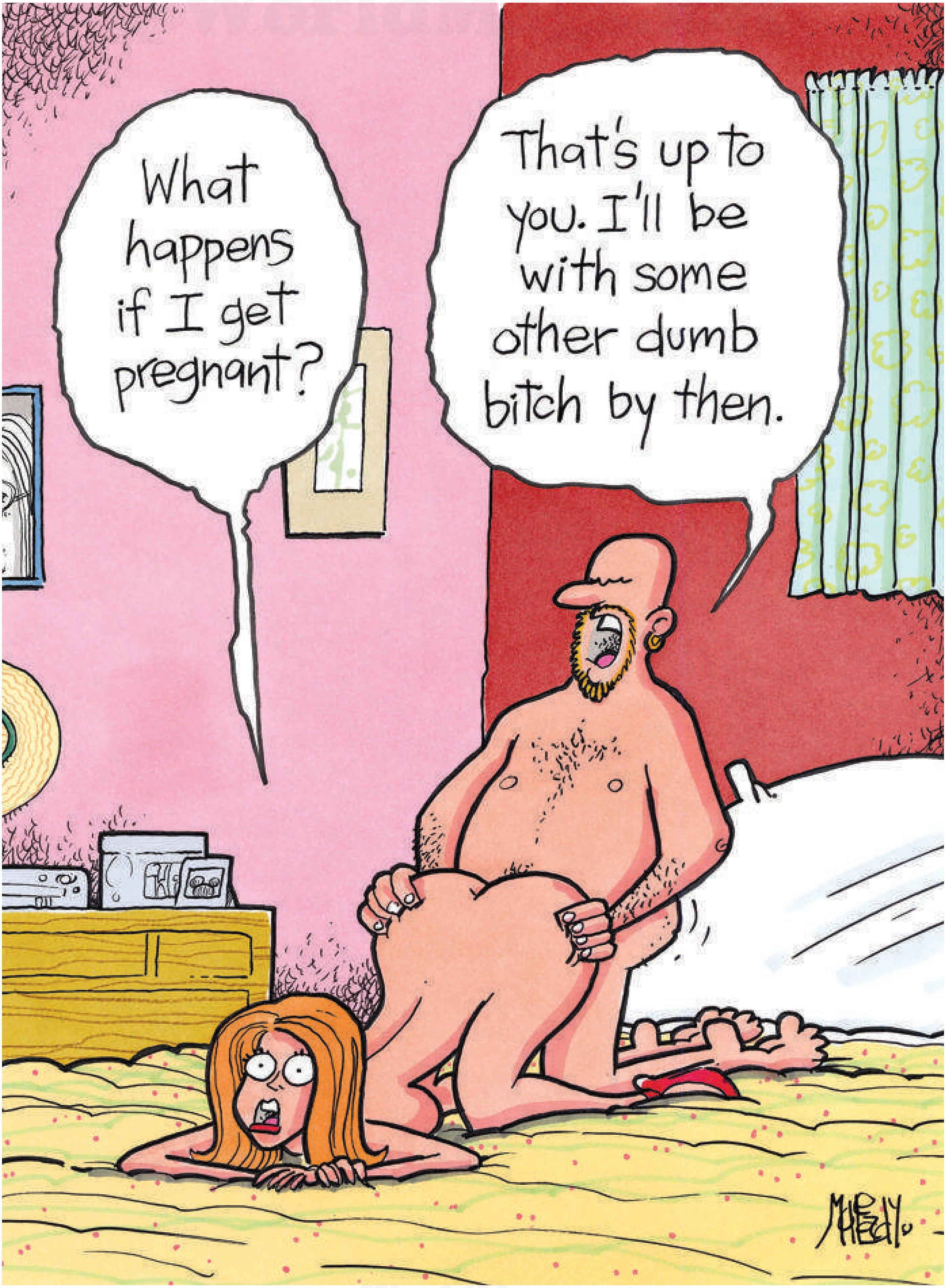
Real Deal

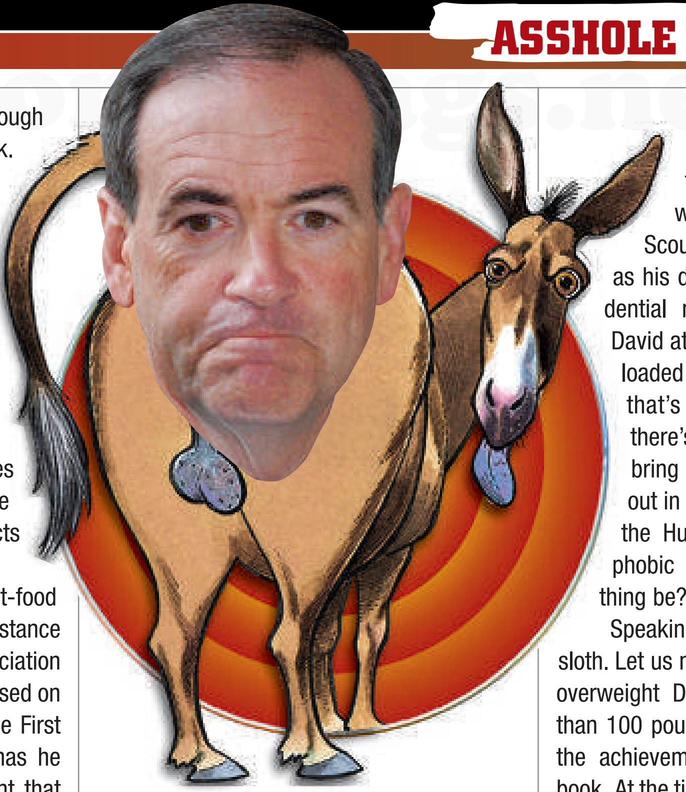
Khyanna Song [October '12] is beyond hot. Can you please do an *Asian Fever* video featuring her? Also, since you provide such great articles, can you consider writing about what really happened in the deaths (murders) of Pat Tillman and John F. Kennedy Jr.? Thanks! Love the magazine! All hail Larry Flynt! **—Mike R.**

Pleasant Hill, Iowa

Thanks for some great suggestions, Mike! We'll definitely consider them.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


What happens if I get pregnant?
That's up to you. I'll be with some other dumb bitch by then.



MIKE HUCKABEE

Mike Huckabee sees the world through the lens of a bizarre horror flick. Demons are everywhere, tempting him with buckets of deep-fried sin that only he and his band of white, male Christian warriors have the strength to resist. Some days the demons are whiny liberals who want equal rights for everyone. Other days they're sex-obsessed gargoyles with enormous gay erections. Sometimes they're just women. "Get away, Satan!" Huck cries as he flees to his Fox News studio, where reality never intrudes. In his world, facts don't matter.

Case in point: Huck's support of fast-food chain Chick-fil-A's anti-gay-marriage stance was to call for a face-stuffing "appreciation day." The dumb cluck claimed it was based on free speech, not gay-bashing. But if the First Amendment is so dear to him, why has he voiced contempt for the very document that protects it?

"I believe it's a lot easier to change the Constitution than it would be to change the word of the living God," Huckabee has said. "And that's what we need to do—to amend the Constitution so it's in God's standards rather than try to change God's standards so it lines up with some contemporary view."

That diabolical statement is nothing less than a call for theocratic rule. Make no mistake, Huck's PR shenanigans like the Chick-fil-A brain fart are just a sideshow. His real agenda is much more bloated.

Evangelicals are not what you'd call prodemocracy, free-speech folks. They dream of a thousand-year dictatorship under a zombie-Jesus. Knowing that's not likely to happen, they'll settle for the next best thing: religious fascism. It should be obvious to everyone—even an evolutionary mistake like Mike Huckabee—that no self-respecting theocracy would ever tolerate the First Amendment.

So, no, Mikey, those of us with functioning brains don't want to shut down your speech. We want to shut down your attempt to warp American democracy into a theocracy that *would* shut down free speech.

No sooner had Huck staged his mock war with the sodomite hordes that dared to threaten his greasy snacks than a new demon popped up. This time the threat was leveled at the "scholarship" of his mentor David Barton. "Lord, why test me thus?" Huck cried. Then he quickly hooked up with hate buddy Glenn Beck to rally behind his false prophet.

Barton, a fellow preacher, is Huck's pet revisionist historian. Barton's latest waste of ink, titled *The Jefferson Lies*, was so full of claims pulled out of his ass, not even fanatical Christian publisher Thomas Nelson would peddle it. Nelson yanked it from shelves with the statement that he had "lost confidence in the book's details."

Just over a year earlier, Huck had pledged his devotion to Barton in a hair-raising declaration: "I almost wish that there would be something like a simultaneous telecast, and all Americans would be forced, forced—at gunpoint, no less—to listen to every David Barton message."

Christian nationalists like Barton are trying to build a theoretical foundation for American theocracy by rewriting history. The idea is to convince their followers—who don't do a lot of their own research—that they're rebuilding America as it should have been. Christian textbooks regularly warp the past by saying things like liberal propaganda exaggerated the ravages of the Great Depression, and the Ku Klux Klan was a well-meaning reform group. And, by the way, fossils were planted by Satan to fool us.

Amid all this, Huckabee felt the need to praise the Boy Scouts for upholding their ban on gays, implying it would protect scouts from abuse. The message was clear: All gay men are pedophiles. The reality, borne out by studies, is that most pedos are straight. But, again, who needs facts?

And while we're on the subject of creepy camp stories, Huckabee's own son David once allegedly tortured and lynched a dog while working as—wait for it—a Boy Scout counselor! Some years later, as his dad was seeking the GOP Presidential nomination, the grossly obese David attempted to board a plane with a loaded Glock. In therapeutic parlance, that's called acting out, meaning there's something the poor slob can't bring himself to express, so it comes out in twisted actions. Hmmm, what in the Huckabee family's rabidly homophobic world might that unspeakable thing be?

Speaking of sins, there's gluttony and sloth. Let us not forget that the once morbidly overweight Daddy Huckabee dropped more than 100 pounds off his lard load, then used the achievement to hawk a cheesy health book. At the time, reporters were astounded at Huck's miracle, but most of them stopped short of stating the obvious: The likelihood of losing that much weight that quickly through exercise and diet, and keeping it off, was so statistically improbable, ol' Huck's big fat secret was more likely a gastric bypass.

If Huckabee actually took the Bible seriously, he would heed its warning that "nothing is hidden that will not be made manifest, nor is anything secret that will not be known and come to light." In a big fuck-you to the Gospel, Huckabee has hidden plenty.

As governor of Arkansas, he habitually pulled strings to spring well-connected convicts and at least one serial rapist. When he finally left office, the Huckster wiped and crushed nearly 100 computer drives paid for by taxpayers, allegedly so his suspected practice of dipping into official funds would not "come to light." Governor Huckabee also piled up 14 ethics complaints, then tried to shut down the investigations by suing the state's ethics commission! During Huck's 2008 flame-out bid for the Presidential nomination, he made sure that tapes of him preaching never fell into the hands of evil reporters. If you've ever stumbled into an evangelical church on Sunday, you'll know why.

If Huckabee ever did live to pig out on the theocracy he dreams about, he'd discover the demons he sees can never be banished. As he should have learned by the way "Superchunk" David turned out, inner urges, whatever they may be, can't be controlled. Hey, Mike, you may not be the tub o' lard you used to be, but you're still a crap-load of dead weight.

PHOTOS BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

WHERE SEXY MEETS STRANGE

If you enjoy art and partial nudity but don't like visiting stuffy museums or seedy topless bars, here's a recurring event that might be up your alley. The 15th World Bodypainting Festival—held recently in Pörtschach, Austria—attracted participants from 44 countries. Overlooking picturesque Lake Wörthersee, the southern Alps served as a visually stunning backdrop for over 200 artists' wild, colorful creations. If you like your boobs blue and your women freaky, this is the festival for you.

"Everything in the world is about sex except sex. Sex is about power." —*OSCAR WILDE, PLAYWRIGHT/AUTHOR*

IMAGINARY INTERCOURSE

As a teenager, did you ever spend lonely evenings pretending to have sex with someone who wasn't in your bedroom? It might be time to dust off your old skills. First held at the Alamo Drafthouse in Austin, Texas, the Air Sex Championships have now gone nationwide. Since 2009, local and regional competitions have been staged in various cities, with winners eligible for the Air Sex World Championship finals, which are held every December in Austin. The event is hosted by comedian Chris Trew, whose air-sex demonstration on *America's Got Talent* prompted Howard Stern to label him "highly offensive." High praise indeed. For more info, visit **AirSexWorld.com**.

PHOTOS COURTESY HENRYPROPHOTO.COM

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Jeffrey Ross* LOOK LIKE WITH A **DICK** IN HIS MOUTH?

Funnyman Jeffrey Ross is most recognizable as a fixture on Comedy Central's endless series of celebrity roasts. Ross has ridiculed everyone from Flavor Flav to Donald Trump. One hazard of the trade is that a joke occasionally backfires. The roastmeister recently took an undignified dig at HUSTLER's fearless leader, so Mr. Flynt decided to return the favor by muzzling Ross with a man sausage. When this odd-looking weiner is extracted, it will officially be the funniest thing to ever come out of Jeffrey Ross's mouth.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Jeffrey Ross actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

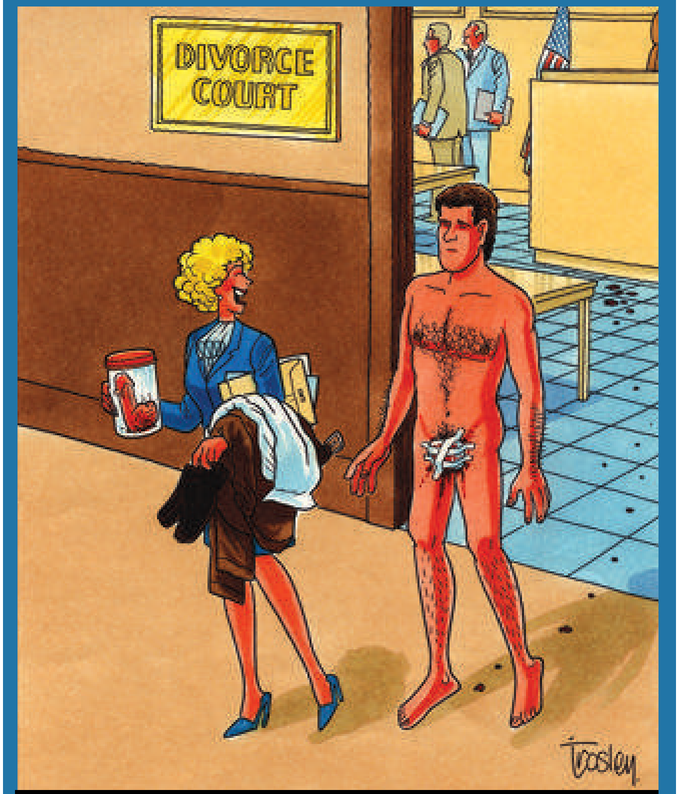
HEFTY HONEYS

PHOTO BY EMMREPORT.COM

At the recent Big Beautiful Women FanFest, dozens of plus-sized adult models and performers descended upon Las Vegas to meet their many fans and do some major damage at Sin City's celebrated buffets. Among the large and lovely ladies on hand were Kelly Shibari, Jezebel Jolie and Scarlette VaVoom.

Scarlette VaVoom

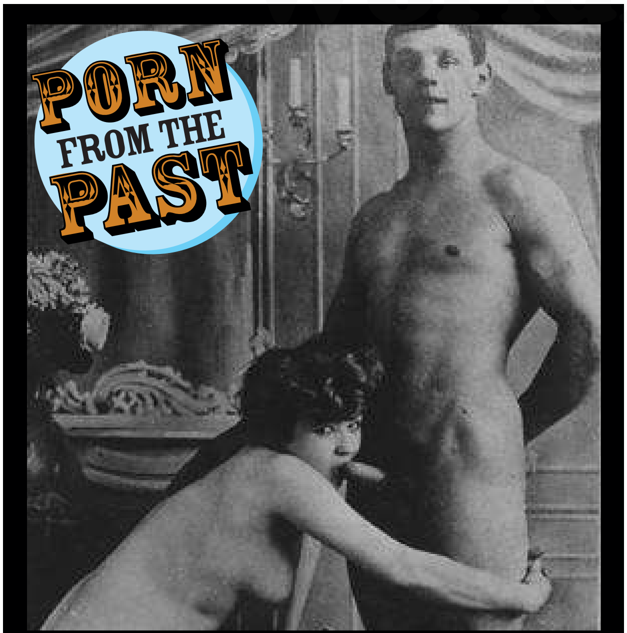
HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Thanks for everything, John..."

"Sex without love is as hollow and ridiculous as love without sex." —HUNTER S. THOMPSON, GONZO JOURNALIST

PORN FROM THE PAST



Back in the days before everyone walked around with a camera phone, getting your picture taken was a big deal. Photographs were intended to capture special moments for posterity. For instance, this formal portrait was taken to commemorate a woman's very first blowjob. Thanks to A.S. of Howell, Michigan, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

NERDS & NYMPHOS

Katie Summers

PHOTO BY EMMREPORT.COM

Geek culture has officially become cool. Perhaps nothing signifies this more than the fact that San Diego's Comic-Con—once a haven for nerds—has become a popular destination for XXX stars. Katie Summers, Lizzy Borden and Phoenix Marie were among the hardcore performers promoting various endeavors at the latest convention. We wonder which provoked more erections—the sight of Katie Summers in a superhot outfit or rumors that Batman director Chris Nolan's next flick would be a dark retelling of the "Little Lulu" legend.

"I like a woman with a head on her shoulders. I hate necks." —STEVE MARTIN, COMEDIAN

PHOTO BY FILMMAGIC

Twenty-year-old Zahia Dehar (left) has traversed an unusual road to success in the fashion industry. In 2010, Dehar was at the center of a major sex scandal involving three French soccer players who had allegedly paid big bucks to have sex with her when she was an underage call girl. The story, and the fact that Dehar is drop-dead gorgeous, thrust her into the public eye. Dehar later crossed over to a career as a lingerie model before creating her own line, which was exhibited during the prestigious Paris Couture Week. Remember, Zahia, get the money first!

PHOTO BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

PHOTO BY WIREIMAGE

HOOKER HITS THE RUNWAY

WET & WILD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIOXPHOTOS.COM

ROMI RAIN

Romi Rain likes being on the go. “I’m kind of a nomad,” she explains. “I love to move around, see new people and do new things. I’m a real free spirit, so I’ll try anything once!”

One thing **Romi** remains eager to explore is the world of sexual role-playing. “I love to wear costumes,” she states. “But so far I’ve never had any hardcore action when I’m dressed up. I’d put on any outfit—nurse, Army captain, schoolgirl—so long as my copilot isn’t too shy to participate.”

Even though **Romi** has yet to fulfill her dress-up fantasies, she’s racked up plenty of memorable sexual adventures. “The wildest times I’ve had was when I was in a bisexual, biracial, threeway relationship with a married couple that lasted for nearly a year,” the zesty Bostonian confides.

Romi is a big fan of Quentin Tarantino films, hip bands (the Black Keys, Deftones) and edgy television shows (*Breaking Bad*, *Dexter*, *The Walking Dead*). According to the zodiac, the astrology buff is a Capricorn, but she thinks her Chinese birth sign is particularly appropriate. “Mine is the dragon,” **Romi** elaborates. “We’re supposed to be independent, sarcastic, fiery, stubborn, sexual and just a little bit crazy. That sounds about right!”

ROMI'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Boston, Massachusetts | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 120

A DAY IN THE LIFE

PHOTO FROM *SWINGERS* COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

ALWAYS HUNGRY:

JESSE JA

ORAL FIXATION

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

PHOTO BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

Jesse Jane has been a porn superstar for nearly a decade. In the adult industry that's the equivalent of having a career like quarterback Brett Favre's. But as far as Hall of Fame candidates go, the Digital Playground bombshell wins hands-down.

My latest HUSTLER assignment is to tag along with Jesse to find out what the ravenous vixen likes to do when she's not swallowing man-meat and licking ladies' privates for public consumption. Turns out, even during her off hours, Jesse can't stop shoving stuff in her mouth.

TRY ANYTHING ONCE

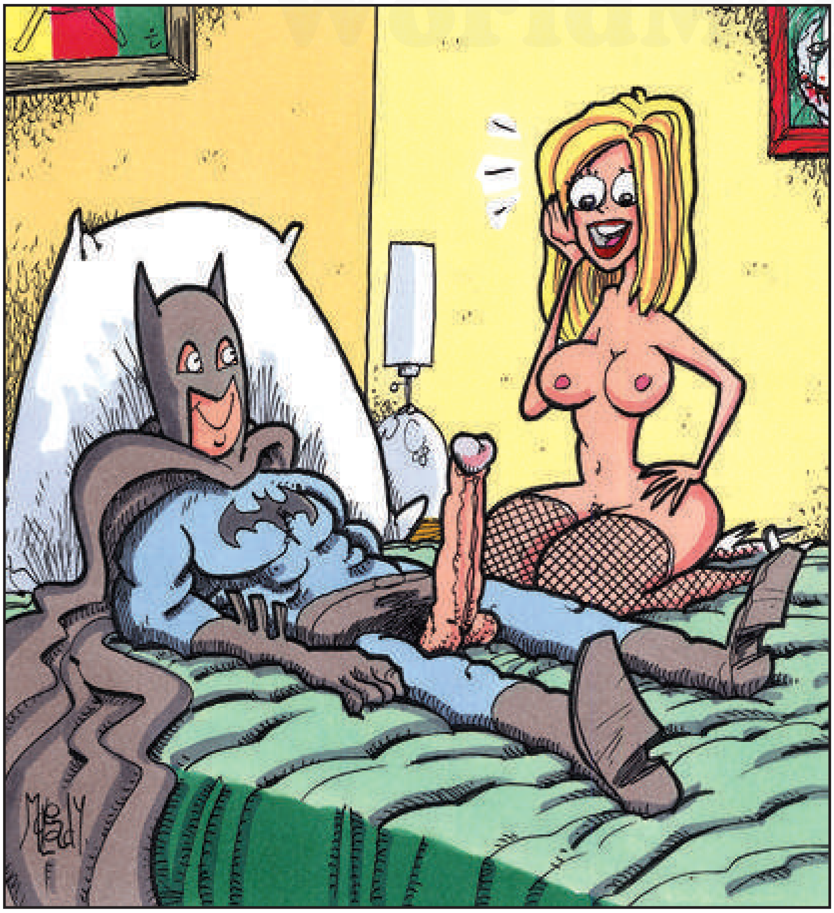
Jesse Jane likes to eat. I'm not talking about a dainty, "fun afternoon lunch with the girls" kind of thing. Jesse *eats*. The compact babe is a fitness fanatic, which at mealtime allows her to pack in the calories like an NFL lineman. Amazingly, she makes gluttony look sexy.

"I love coming to this place," Jesse says happily as we walk through the Original Farmers Market, a Los Angeles landmark for nearly 80 years. "Travel has given me a real taste for food, especially exotic

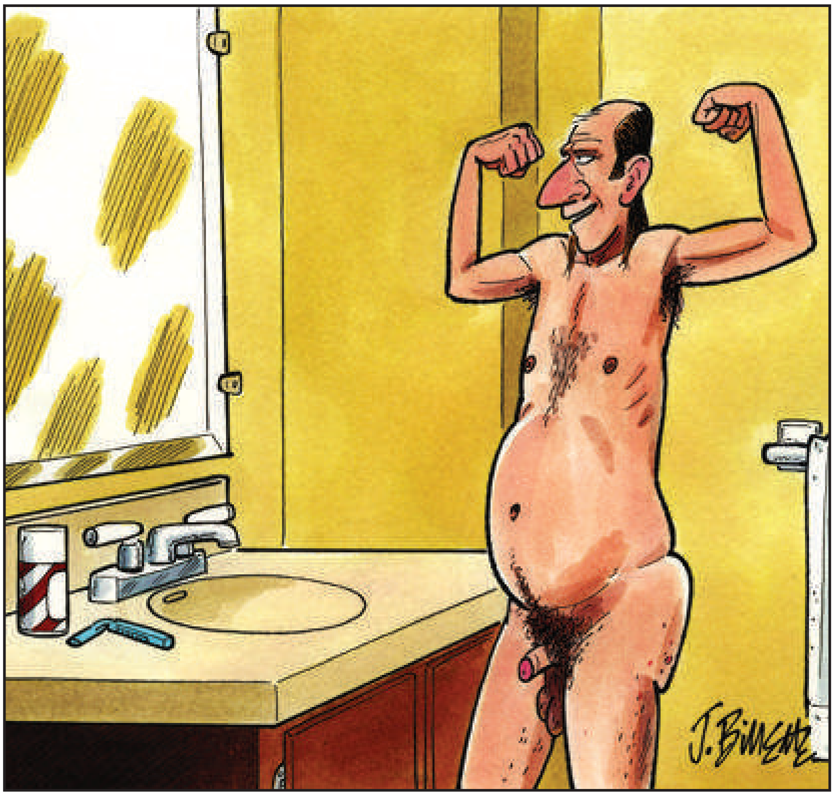
NE'S

SIMPLY PUT, THIS XXX DREAMGIRL LIKES PUTTING THINGS IN HER MOUTH.

PHOTO FROM *MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS* COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND



"Oh, yes, I'd say the Dark Knight is rising, all right."



"I don't know what's wrong with all the women around here. I'd fuck me in a heartbeat."

foods and sweets. The food here reminds me of a lot of the places I've been, and there are always new things to try too. My motto is try anything once."

Asian stir fry. New Orleans gumbo. Pizza. Mexican tamales. Jesse samples them all with the gusto of a competitive eater at a county fair—and still has room for dessert. Correction: desserts. Brownies, cookies, yogurt, homemade ice cream. As she bites into each sweet, Jesse squeals with more orgasmic delight than I've heard in any of her XXX films.

"My heart's in dessert," Jesse declares as I watch her lovingly lick an ice-cream cone. "My parents always demanded that I eat my vegetables when I was little, and I always refused. I think that's where my rebellious streak got started."

Interesting. Food and sex, Jesse Jane's two passions in life. Is it possible that being forced at a tender age to eat her broccoli helped send the girl down a path to ultrapromiscuity? The answer is an unequivocal yes.

"WILD CHILD"

Jesse's father was an Air Force man who ruled his family with strict military discipline, but it backfired with Jesse. "My dad used to say if I didn't eat my vegetables, I couldn't leave the table," she recalls. "I was so stubborn, I used to sit there forever. I'd actually fall asleep at the dinner table."

The failed nutrition lectures made one thing pretty clear to Jesse: She didn't like being told what to do, an attitude that only got worse as she reached her teenage years. "My family moved around a lot on account of my dad," she explains. "I had boobs early, so the boys always noticed me. My dad always would have lots of rules when we'd get to a new place, but I really resented that I had to leave my friends and go to a new school. I told my parents that I had sex when I didn't just to give them a heart attack."

The original career plan suggested by Jesse's parents was TV weather girl. It made sense. Their daughter was not only pretty and personable but also smart. By high-school graduation, Jesse had been offered a full scholarship to the University of Oklahoma's School of Meteorology, a short distance from her dad's latest posting. But Jesse was also a teen with a smokin' rack and a "fuck you" attitude—a classic parental nightmare. Even though her father struggled mightily to get his budding bombshell to follow a traditional middle-class path, Jesse wasn't buying it.

"I didn't give a shit about my mom and dad," she admits. "I wanted to be a wild child. I picked being a waitress at Hooters instead of meteorology school. My dad raised me to be strong and independent, and it ended up biting him in the ass. I moved out at 17. I wanted to be independent on my own terms."

PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

PHOTO FROM *NURSES 2* COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

BUILT FOR SIN

After a few months of being ogled while schlepping beer and barbecued wings, the 17-year-old Hooters waitress decided to move into the exhibitionist big leagues. She became a Hawaiian Tropic Girl, a spokesmodel for the world-famous tanning lotion.

"It was a crazy time," Jesse recalls. "I was this underage kid traveling all around the country, partying and drinking with lots of adults, movie people and sports celebrities. I was living the life of a grown-up and loving every new experience."

One of her very favorite new experiences was sleeping with women. "Girls are pretty," Jesse tells me. "Their bodies are pretty. I found out that I really enjoyed being with them, especially if I got to be dominant. I like to fuck girls like I have a penis—rough, the way I like it with a guy. I don't like to be petted. I'm not a dog."

So Jesse began screwing lots of chicks and having rough sex with lots of guys, not to mention chicks and guys together. But the most amazing thing Jesse discovered was that during group sex, having people watch her was the ultimate turn-on.

The unabashed hedonist decided to go into porn. Funny thing was, ever since high school, Jesse had a feeling that was the career she'd end up in. "People used to tell me all the time when I was a teenager that I looked like I should be a porn star," she says. "I always thought it would be hot to try it."

Jesse did more than try. She committed. Blessed with the face of an angel and a body built for sin, Jesse Jane took her penchant for sinning and built it into an empire. "Once I made up my mind," she says, "nothing was going to stop me from being the best in the business. Not even cancer." Cancer?

SPUNKINESS PREVAILS

Out of nowhere, at the age of 19, the hard-partying picture of good health was diagnosed with a form of cervical cancer, something called a malignant neoplasm. It sounds deadly serious because it was. Jesse's doctors informed her that she needed surgery immediately and that she'd never be able to have kids even if she recovered completely. But, as pointed out earlier, Jesse Jane has never liked being told what to do.

"I always wanted to have a child of my own," she says with a smile. "And when I was diagnosed, I knew it was now or never."

Jesse, who was seeing a nice guy (and a good friend to this day), decided to have a baby with him, against doctors' orders. "They never thought I'd carry the child to term," she recalls. "But he came out perfect. And then I had the surgery, and I was fine. Now I've got a 12-year-old awesome son. Being a mom is what I'm most proud of."

will she?

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BEVERAGES
DIOSA
DIOSA
DIOSA

PHOTO BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

Fortunate to get her health back quickly, Jesse returned to the adult industry, where she's achieved monumental success. (Even her parents are impressed). Her XXX films are some of porn's biggest sellers, **JesseJane.com** is rocking, and she makes regular appearances in mainstream movies, TV shows and music videos. Also, Jesse's had her fair share of celebrity romances along the way, but the lady's too classy to recklessly name names.

"Everyone knows I've been with Kid Rock and Tommy Lee," she says coyly. "And plenty of famous people have expected me to instantly drop my pants. But I sleep with who I want, which is not to say I haven't stared up at an Academy Award or two when I've been with someone."

Jesse isn't interested in monogamy. She had a brief marriage to her son's father and then a seven-year stretch with a hardcore director that recently ended in divorce. These days her life is all about being a good mom and focusing on her career.

"My child is my number-one priority," she proudly confides. "I work in L.A., but I'm raising my son in Oklahoma City. Everybody's down-to-earth there. I'm just a regular mom who drives her kid to football practice. People are respectful, which has made it much easier for my son and I talk to him about what I do. He's cool with it and understands I won't be performing forever. I'll be running my own business some day."

"What kind of business might that be?" I ask. "Something in the adult world?"

"Nah," Jesse replies with an impish grin. "Been there. Done that. Follow me."

DOWN THE HATCH

An hour later I'm alongside Jesse at Te'Kila, a trendy Mexican restaurant and bar on Hollywood Boulevard. She's hosting a tasting for Diosa Tequila, whose slogan is "An Orgy of Flavors." It turns out that Jesse, already an orgy expert, is also a tequila aficionada and the brand's premier spokesmodel. (*Diosa* is the Spanish word for goddess.)

"I love the food-and-beverage business," Jesse tells me. "This is the kind of thing I'd like to get into when I leave porn." Going behind the bar, Jesse proceeds to give a presentation about Diosa Tequila, discussing flavor, purity and filtering with the ease of a master distiller. The crowd loves her. It doesn't hurt that she's a real-life goddess and that the crowd is predominantly male.

I watch Jesse knock back a half dozen different-flavored tequila shots with customers. Then she kills another six while amiably talking up the virtues of the product she's touting. A dozen shots of tequila later, and the lady doesn't look or act the slightest bit buzzed. She seems happy, for sure, but no more "up" than when she was eating cookies and ice cream a few hours earlier at the Farmers Market.

"Where does she put it all?" I ask myself as I stare at this delicately framed beauty with enormous appetites for food, drink and sex. Jesse Jane lives life to excess, does all the things she was warned not to do as a child and yet still appears to have a great time while making a terrific living.

The moral of the story: Even when little kids are warned about the dangers of not finishing their veggies, sometimes life can still turn out pretty good.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.

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PEAK INSIDE

RAY OF SUNSHINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

STACEY RAE

If there's one thing you should know about **Stacey Rae**, it's that the Portland, Oregon, resident is crazy about basketball. She's not only a devoted fan of her hometown's NBA team but was also a hoops player herself in high school. "I don't watch every Trail Blazers game," **Stacey** informs us, "but I know all the players. My favorite right now is Nicolas Batum. He's French and sexy."

France is one of the many spots on the globe **Stacey** looks forward to visiting someday. "I want to travel a lot more as I get older," she says. "So far the coolest place I've been is Guatemala. The people are really nice, and it's beautiful."

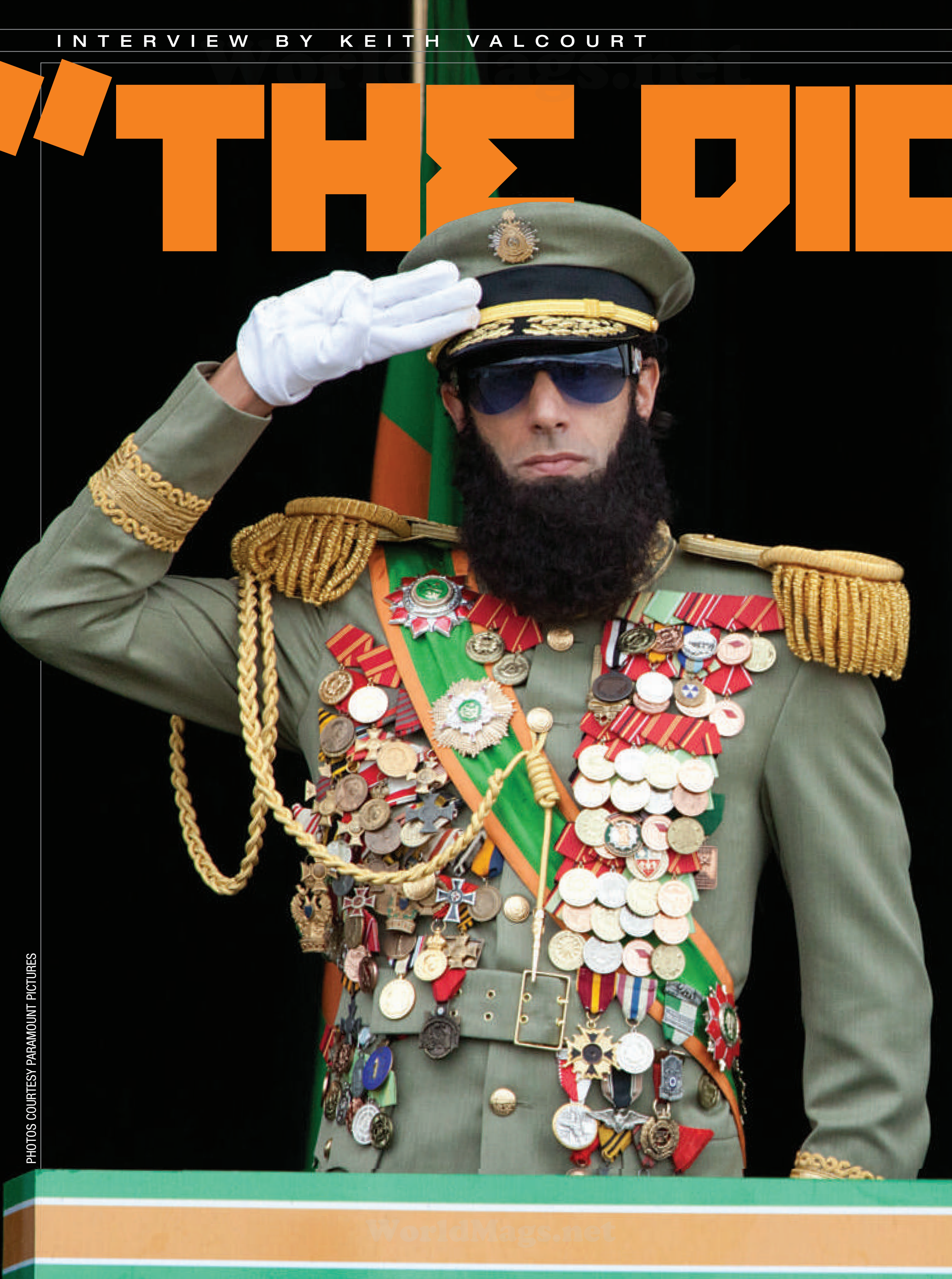
While in Central America, **Stacey** didn't limit herself to the standard tourist stops. "My friend and I took a three-day hike through the jungle," she recalls. "It was a group of about ten people with two guides and one horse leading us. That's the wildest thing I've ever done!"

We couldn't help but ask the adventurous eye-catcher to reveal the wildest thing she's ever done in the bedroom. "I have a lot of dirty fantasies that I haven't been able to live out yet," **Stacey** replies. "Check back with me in a year, and I bet I'll have some mind-blowing stories for you."

STACEY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Portland, Oregon | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 125

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

"THE DIC



PHOTOS COURTESY PARAMOUNT PICTURES

TATOR" SPEAKS!

SACHA BARON COHEN'S BRILLIANT AND RUTHLESS CHARACTER BARES HIS EXALTED SOUL AS HIS MOVIE IS FINALLY IMMORTALIZED IN DIGITAL FORM.

While blindfolded and bound, entertainment reporter Keith Valcourt was whisked to a secret compound thousands of miles from Hollywood for a journalistic coup. He was invited to sit down for an ultra-exclusive Q&A with Admiral General Aladeen, the main character in Sacha Baron Cohen's 2012 film *The Dictator*. Despite being intermittently forced to denounce America and eat camel testicles (a delicacy in some parts of the world), Valcourt was able to ask Admiral General Aladeen about the secret to a happy marriage with multiple wives, excessive facial hair, the movie—which is now available on DVD and Blu-ray—and much more.

HUSTLER: What country are you from exactly?

THE DICTATOR: I am from Wadiya, a lovely place just 6,000 miles from America as the Scud flies. It has a very happy population of 10 million people—obviously that figure varies depending on my mood—and there are many great tourist attractions. I highly recommend the Hanging Gardens of Falechjaya. The gardens aren't much, but it has some of the best hanging west of Baghdad.

Is Wadiya anywhere near Kazakhstan?

Not currently, but if my plans to invade and colonize Iraq, Iran and Turkmenistan come off, we should be neighbors by about 2025.

Are you really as well loved by your country's people as you think?

Even more so. My people adore me, and they love being oppressed, they tell me all the time. In fact, there hasn't been a single person I've ever tortured who hasn't signed a written confession saying that it was really enjoyable. You know, I am like a father to my population—quite literally to about 2,000 of them. All boys. What a coincidence!

What is the major export of your country?

I personally spend my time trying to spread wisdom, compassion and herpes throughout the world. In terms of physical exports from Wadiya, each year we send the West many tons of oil, sand and kidnapped journalists' bodies. Perhaps something you should think about as this interview continues.

How long did it take to grow that beard?

I'm so glad that you noticed my little beard! Very sensible. I was actually born with it, and it has continued to grow ever since. It is the length it is partly as a fashion statement, partly to intimidate people, but mainly because I don't like people going anywhere near my throat with a blade.

What does your beard smell like?

A potpourri of different beautiful scents, including Frederic Fekkai Luscious Curls shampoo, Garnier Fructis conditioner and the sweaty chests of kidnapped Indonesian weather girls.

What smells worse, your beard or the camels you ride?

It is a myth that camels smell. The only ones that do are the Bedouin ones because those dirty fuckers don't bother getting off them when they need to take a dump. My personal animal, Choudi, was recently the victim of terrible racism at the Cannes Film Festival thanks to these misconceptions. They would not let him into any of the restaurants in town even though we had a reservation. And I told them we could even sit outside because Choudi likes to smoke. They let Gérard fucking Depardieu in; what's the difference?

Any truth to the rumor that you can hide a small WMD in your beard?

If they could be hidden there, they could also be hidden in the forest around Kim Kardashian's malawach. I paid $300,000 for her to come to my palace for a night, and when I pulled her panties down, I thought I was looking into a mirror!

By the way, how is your nuclear weapons program coming along?

Not great. I am struggling because of your Western sanctions. I recently bought a Scud missile on Russian eBay, but because it's pick-up only, I have to collect it. It's so annoying. I thought they could have FedEx'd it like the cheetah I bought from Zimbabwe, but apparently not.

I asked the guy, "Can't you just fire it over?" He said, "No. It only has range of 40 miles." Which was not a good sign at all. What, am I going to drive all the way to Egypt before launching it at Israel? I asked to cancel the bid, but the guy wouldn't let me—and he's a Power-Seller! I paid him in the end. My international reputation is bad enough already without getting negative feedback on eBay.

Why did you let Americans make a movie about you?

I thought it only fair. After all, I have made many films featuring Americans. They tend to be shorter—about two minutes long—and feature a guy in his underpants chained to a radiator, pleading for his life.

How true was *The Dictator* to your real life?

Unfortunately, the film and my real life seem to be colliding a bit at the moment. Megan Fox is claiming that the baby she is pregnant with is mine. This is outrageous! If that claim is true, it would be the world's first-ever anal conception. And if she is pregnant through this, then so are Salma Hayek, the Pussycat Dolls and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Why did you dump ashes all over Ryan Seacrest on the red carpet at the Oscars?

The mishap on the red carpet was an accident. It actually occurred because I was trying to let Ryan into a little secret: [Dead North Korean leader] Kim Jong-il's urn was actually made in South Korea. I wanted to show Ryan the sticker on the bottom which says so.

Were those really the ashes of Kim Jong-il?

It turns out they weren't. After he died, Kim Jong-il was actually eaten by his fat son, Kim Jong-un. Let me explain: His father was Kim Jong-ill, then he became Kim Jong-dead. Then his fat son barbecued him and ate him, and he became Kim Jong-yum. Then 12 hours after that, he became Kim Jong-dung.

Do you feel bad about the red-carpet incident?

I do feel bad about it, and I have nothing but respect and friendship for Ryan Seacrest. I thought he dealt with the mishap very professionally. After all, it's not the first time he's had an Asian guy end up all over his chest.

Do you think Kim Jong-il's dumpy son ever gets laid?

No. Even though Kim Jong-un just got married, he is still a virgin. He met his wife at a state dinner where she was a *nyotaimori* girl. You know, a naked woman they serve sushi on. He spent five hours stuffing his face until it was all gone, then he had her covered in 100 Mars bars and ate all of them.

He asked for my advice for what to do on the wedding night, and I told him. He got his wife back to their hotel room but became nervous and ordered 30 club sandwiches and three liters of ice cream. In the end, he just covered her with the food, ate it, then fell asleep.

Speaking of ladies, are Wadiyan women hot?

The only women in Wadiya who are hot are ones I have put in a giant microwave for the crimes of reading in public or bearing me a female child.

How many wives do you currently have?

Just one of course. I am not an animal. I would never, ever take another wife until the old one is dead. You are right, though. I *am* a simple family man. So far, I have had 79 wives. They all live together in a lovely little cemetery. They died of old age. They reach 23; then it's bye-bye, time for a new one.

What is the secret to a successful marriage with multiple wives?

The secret to having sex with multiple wives is to make sure their husbands have been properly disposed of before you do it. One, they can be a nuisance—phoning the palace, banging on the doors, etc. And two, I am a big softy, and I

PULL YOUR PANTS UP! DECENT FOLK ARE TIRED OF LOOKING AT YOUR BLACK ASS!
WINNERS

feel so guilty forcing sex on a woman knowing that her distraught husband is at home sobbing.

How do you seduce a woman?

When it comes to dating, I am an old-fashioned romantic. I always speak to the father first and try out *his* wife just so I know what I may be getting into down the road. It's also important to choose the right location for a date. Maybe a zoo, a trip to the seaside or a walk in the country. There are so many places to dispose of a body.

Flowers are always a good idea. People say they're old-fashioned, but I think they look lovely on a girl's grave. I am a bit of a rogue. I tell fathers, "I will probably break your daughter's heart—with the butt of my rifle." When Aladeen's in town, people say, "Lock up your daughters!" No need. I have already!

SACHA BARON COHEN
THE DICTATOR
BANNED & UNRATED
the version you couldn't see in theaters

You learned to masturbate in *The Dictator*. Is it something you now practice regularly?

Absolutely. My favorite movies now that I have learned are *Kick-Ass*, *Underworld* and *Schindler's List*.

How do you recruit the sexy members of your security staff?

My female guards all have to be strong, loyal and virgins. The last point is very important, and I have their virginity checked every night by the head of my penis.

What do you have against democracy?

I have nothing at all against it. In Wadiya we have a very, very pure form of democracy where there is just one political party. I say "political party," but it's actually just me. It makes our democratic process so much simpler and completely eliminates any chance of fraud at elections if people can only vote for one candidate. I would like also to stress that everyone in Wadiya—men, women, children, disabled, gay, straight, whatever—have exactly the same rights: absolutely none. Did I say "gay" by the way? Remove that. We actually don't have any gay people in Wadiya.

Which do you hate more: America or the Jews?

Let me be clear: I do not hate Israel. I just want it to go back to its pre-1948 borders. And I have absolutely no plans to invade it. Our plan is to just knock it down and start again. I am a bit anti-America at the moment, I must admit. Obama started it. His hostility to me is disgusting. After all, it was my father who smuggled him into the States when he was just a child soldier in the Kenyan al-Qaeda.

Was there anything you liked in the USA when you visited there?

I loved New York and saw all the sights while I was there: the Statue of Liberty, Central Park and the Empire State Building before it's demolished next year. Oops, I didn't say that.

In the film you marry a woman who you find out is Jewish. How did you resolve your differences?

We talked about it, and she's currently in the process of converting—to a skeleton.

Did she have a baby, and was it a boy or an abortion?

Yes. I'm very pleased to announce that I now have another son! He's now one. He has my beard and his mother's eyes—quite literally. They're in a jar on a shelf in his nursery.

Since you had such a bad childhood, will you make a good dad?

I think so. I really have learned from my experiences. Although my early years were traumatic, I soon adjusted. By the '70s, I was just like any other teenager. I had the usual Hitler and Stalin posters and Pol Pot action figures. School wasn't always easy for me, though, and detention was a big part of those years—with most of my teachers suffering years of it. And I was always in trouble. I had to write out 100 times "I must not rape the students and teachers."

If you could vote, who would you support in the U.S. Presidential election?

I would probably not show validation for your ridiculous system by taking part in it. It is unbelievable that everyone in America gets a vote no matter how stupid, criminal or female they are. Crazy! Also, the American democratic process is so time-consuming and drawn out. First, candidates have to campaign, then debate their opponents. Then the people have to vote, and then the votes have to be counted until at last the winner can be announced. This is why in Wadiya I have introduced a streamlined form of democracy which just has the last stage. If I *had* to vote in America, I probably support Romney despite his liberal views.

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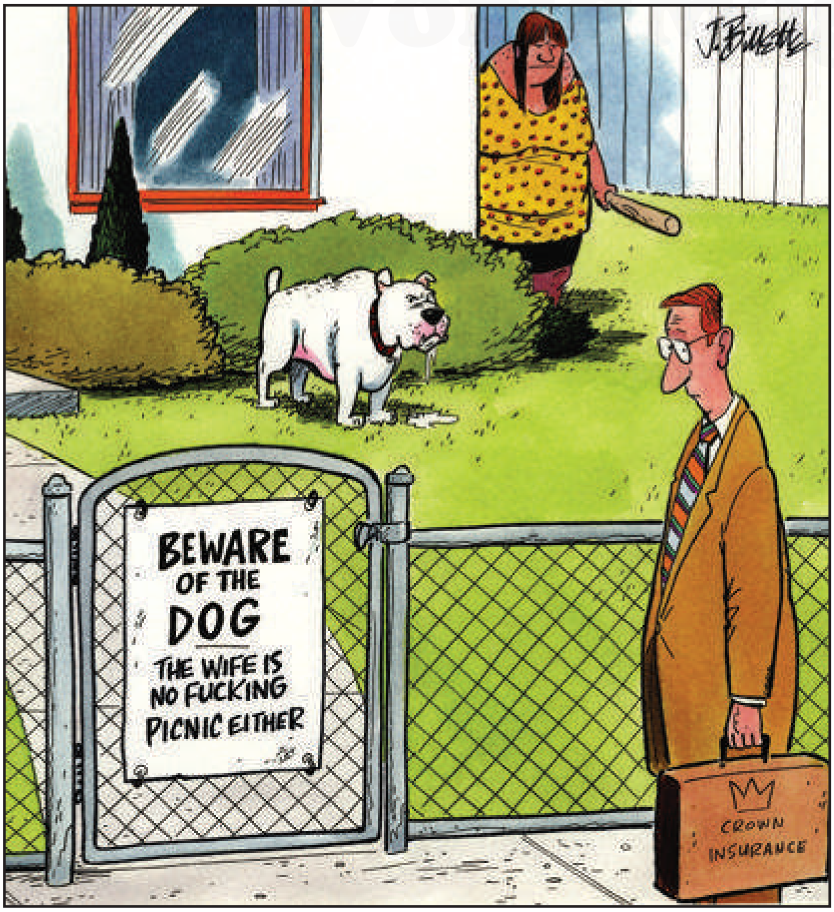
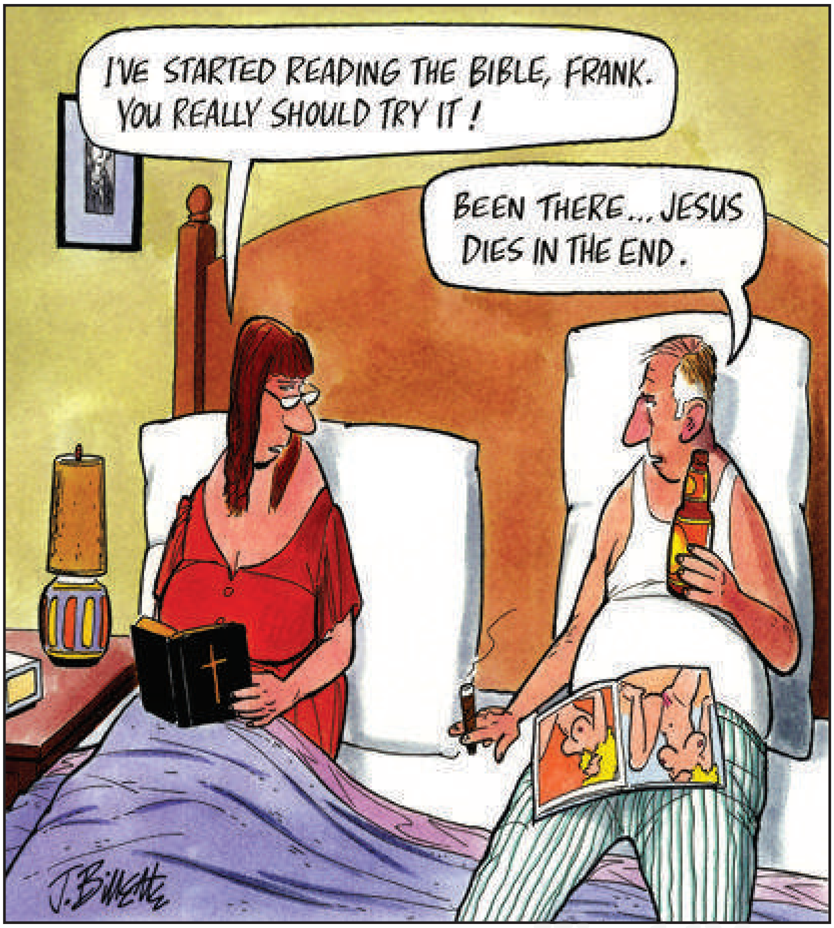

BEWARE OF THE DOG
THE WIFE IS NO FUCKING PICNIC EITHER
CROWN INSURANCE


I'VE STARTED READING THE BIBLE, FRANK. YOU REALLY SHOULD TRY IT!
BEEN THERE... JESUS DIES IN THE END.

Do you ever get together with other dictators like Hosni Mubarak for poker games?

Not so much Mubarak these days. His brain is mush. In hospital he is too weak to even rape a nurse. [*Mubarak croaked shortly after this interview.*] I do hang out with my other buddies in the Axis of Evil, though. In fact, I just got back from our annual Summer Retreat at Sandals Antigua. Iran's President Ahmadinejad was a real asshole there. I used to really like him, but ever since he got his nuke, he's become a real bully. He got me drunk and wrote "Hillary Clinton was here" on my face and "Bill Clinton was here" on my fatoot.

Who do you miss more: Moammar Kadafi or Saddam Hussein?

Saddam. I don't miss Kadafi because he's not dead. He's been living in my palace ever since they shot his body double [in 2011], and now he won't leave. The man is a nightmare! He's always leaving the wrong DVDs in the DVD cases. I go to watch *Batman Returns*, and it's *Jumanji*. Have you seen *Jumanji*? It's terrible. No wonder Moammar was one of the most hated men in his country.

Do dictators get competitive?

I am competitive, which is why I am Wadiya's number-one athlete. I recently won 100 meters gold at the Wadiyan Games after my closest rival had to retire with a badly ruptured ankle. I am also the Wadiyan Olympic ice hockey champion. I won the gold medal all by myself. Every time I touched the puck, I made a goal. I am so good that it almost looked like the players on the other team were diving out of the way and letting me score on purpose. It was probably the third-most fun I have ever had with sharp metal blades strapped to my body.

That asked, who's the best dictator ever?

That's a hard one. It's obviously tempting to say Hitler or Stalin, but that's too obvious. It's like saying the Beatles when asked who your favorite band is.

Are there any dangers to being "all knowing"?

I don't think it is possible to have too much knowledge. I have 143 Ph.D.'s—not just from the University of Aladeen, but also from Aladeen University and Northwest Aladeen State. I also have a diploma in spray tanning from Qatar Community College.

You talk about capitalism being evil, but aren't you becoming a capitalist pig by shilling the DVD and Blu-ray release of your movie?

I have never said that I do not like capitalism. It is just the West, which makes it very hard for me to participate in the system. I can't get a Visa or American Express credit card anymore—the U.S. government have banned me—even though I am worth over $25 trillion. Do you realize how inconvenient it is having to pay with cash for a Russian long-range missile or sex with Jessica Alba? It's a nightmare!

What is your motto?

Death to the West!

SMART COOKIE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

NATALIE TYLER

Natalie Tyler is one brainy beauty. Hot enough to be a sought-after nude model, she's also pursuing a master's degree in public administration. "I really love to learn," the statuesque Midwesterner says.

An avid reader, **Natalie** cites Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* and William Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* as her favorite books. She also enjoys traveling but has yet to venture abroad. "My dream destination is Egypt because I want to see the pyramids," **Natalie** makes known.

Although the cerebral show-off likes to feed her mind, she doesn't neglect her body's needs. "Of course I love sex," **Natalie** remarks. "Who doesn't? My most memorable sexual experience was when I did it on top of a car during a thunderstorm with the radio turned up really loud. It was amazing."

When it comes to fantasies, there's one lucky dude with a recurring role. "I have the biggest crush on Jared Leto," **Natalie** confesses. "He's a good actor, but I'm obsessed with him because of his awesome band, 30 Seconds to Mars. I'm dying to see them play in concert—and I'd go crazy for a golden ticket that'd let me meet Jared backstage!"

NATALIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Kansas City, Kansas | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 130

BY ORIANA SMALL AKA ASHLEY BLUE

ASS TO MOUTH

MY XXX INITIATION

The celebrated cult author and hardcore doyenne known as Ashley Blue leads us down the dark hole of gonzo in this taste from her "porno memoir" *Girlvert*.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ

Don't believe the glamorous illusions. They aren't as hot as the melted mascara of truth running down the red cheek of a real girl. Don't cheat me out of that shock and fulfillment. You must give me a piece of you that you don't want to show to the rest of the world. It's okay to be afraid at first. Don't worry. Eventually you will love that you were brave enough to be true.

The following is from my porno memoir. What I've written is better than fiction. It's the reality behind every fantasy about the girl-next-door getting into porn. Maybe we knew each other in a past life, and you had no idea that those pigtails would get pulled onto giant, multicolored cocks. See it with me, POV-style, not from the detached cameraman's perspective. This is a view from the knees, looking up into a world of sex, cash, love and desperation.

HOOKER MENTALITY

The scene did not take place in the mansion. Brett, the director, led us around the driveway to a garage. The four of us (me and three guys) climbed a narrow staircase to a little attic. The ceiling was sloped, so you couldn't stand straight up at one end of the room. There was a bathroom and a stained twin mattress in the middle of the floor.

Good thing I didn't ask things like "Where are we going to do it and for how long?" Brett had already said that one of the lamest things a girl can do is ask questions. It pissed off most directors to have a girl wanting to know when she'd be done. They called it Hooker Mentality. Girls that just went along with everything were the cool girls. I wanted to be cool. I didn't ask about—or object to—anything.

My boyfriend Tyler stood in the corner while Brett took the lead. I tried to be the perfect girl. We were getting started. Brett held the camera and put it close, right to my face. Then in a gruff voice he asked, "What's your name? Why are you here?"

I didn't know how I was supposed to answer, so I just smiled and looked really happy. "Ashley…I'm here to get fucked." Marcus grabbed my face and pulled out his giant black cock. Both he and Brett were still in their jeans and had their cocks out through their zippers. Very roughly, they pushed my face onto each one, all the way down my throat. I sucked and gagged, spit flowing out of my mouth. It was all so fast. They just tugged me back and forth, like a rag doll. Although it was much more intense than I could have imagined, I liked it. I said I liked it rough, and I could take it. I knew that at any time I could have called to Tyler to come save me. But I didn't need saving. This was *my* pornographic experience.

I said I liked it rough, and I could take it. I knew that at any time I could have called to Tyler to come save me. But I didn't need saving. This was *my* pornographic experience.

GET USED TO IT

Tyler sat in the corner of the room, near the tiny bathroom. He was watching and dying to jump in and be part of the scene. He was probably taking a few notes in his head, learning a few techniques from Brett. This guy did it all. He slapped me a little, held my head down on his cock while I deep-throated it. He called me a whore and mercilessly shoved his dick into my ass. There was lube this time, but it still hurt. Brett had one of the biggest heads that a penis could have. The whole dick was big too, eight inches and thick enough. But this huge helmet of a tip seemed like the double width of the entire thing. He just popped it in. I actually felt it go *pop* when it went in and out.

When I had to take a second to collect myself, trying to hold back tears from the pain, Brett rolled his eyes. He looked at Marcus as if to say, "Oh, so this girl said she can really take it, and now she wants to cry. I guess she's not ready for this after all." It killed me to have to admit to any defeat or that I was hurting. My ass was stinging and burning from Brett's enormous mushroom cap being rammed in all at once. I rubbed my butthole and wiped the forming tears from my eyes. "I'm fine. I'm okay. Can you just be a little easier on me? I'm not used to them being so big." My way of compromising.

Marcus nodded his head and agreed to take it easier. He was stroking his cock with some lube, getting ready for his turn to go in. This big, beautiful, childish grin came over his face and convinced me that he wasn't there to hurt anyone. Brett looked pissed off and said, "You know, we're not even some of the biggest guys. You'll have to get used to it if you're going to stay in this business. Everyone is at least this big or bigger." I hated him for saying it.

GIRLVERT
A PORNO MEMOIR
ORIANA SMALL AKA ASHLEY BLUE

PHOTO BY DENNIS MCGRATH

STRAIGHT INTO MY MOUTH

I was bent over doggy when Marcus started fucking my ass. He was much thicker but felt better because he didn't have that awful head that Brett did. Still, I could barely take Marcus all the way in. This was one of my early scenes, and these were definitely the biggest cocks so far. I smiled through the pain and tried to enjoy it.

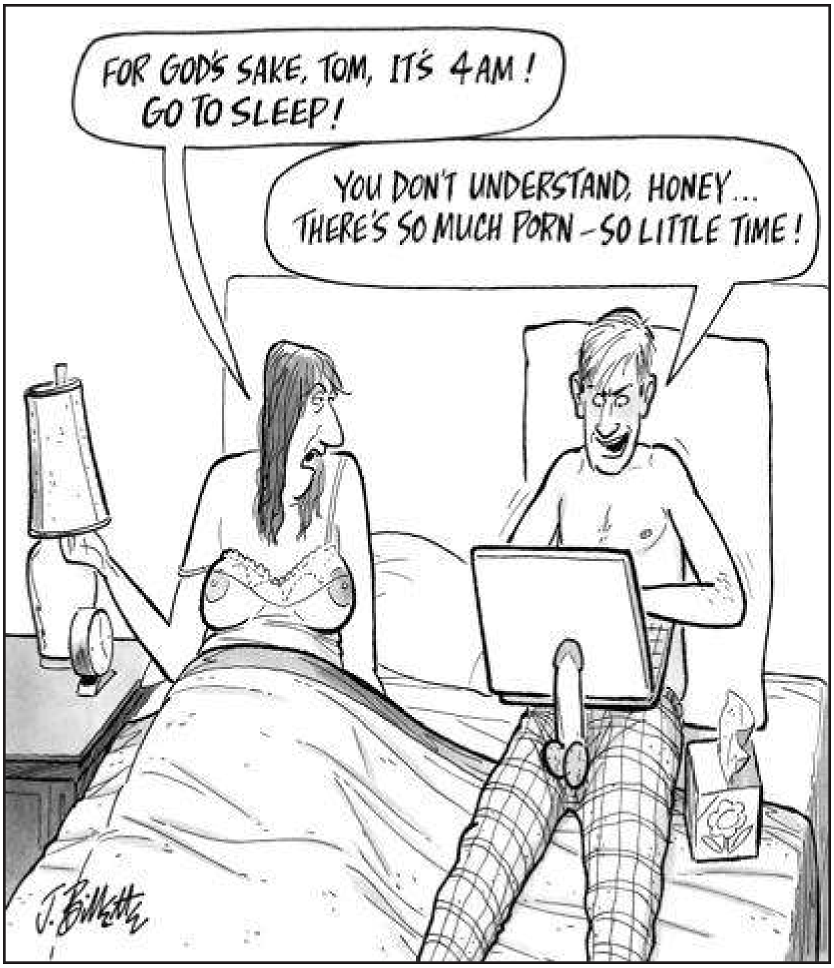
Then Marcus pulled his dick out of my ass and shoved it straight into my mouth. That was something I'd never done, not even at home. I was too afraid to put anything from my ass into my mouth. Didn't they teach us in school to never do that? I was afraid to stop and ask if I was going to get sick from it. Brett became so irritated the last time I had to take a break that I just kept going. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't stop to ask because my mouth was stuffed full of cock anyway. After I did it once, the ass-to-mouth didn't stop.

Brett and Marcus fucked me until they had enough footage. It was about an hour of the hardest sex my body could take. Two positions of DP, a double blowjob and a couple positions of anal were all I could handle. When it came to the pop shots, Brett told me, "Get down on your fucking knees, whore." I kneeled on the floor with my head back and eyes open. They both came on my face, one and then the other.

With the press of the pause button on the video camera, the whole thing was over. Brett jumped into the shower faster than anyone I'd ever seen. He mentioned before we started, during a little pre-fucking chitchat, that showering after the scene was the first line of defense against sexually transmitted diseases.

I got up and rinsed my mouth out with soap and water. The cum in my eyes was not my main concern. My main concern was the ass in my mouth. I gathered enough courage to ask Marcus if what we did would make me sick: "Is it okay to go in my mouth after it's been in my ass?" I felt so stupid, but whom else was I going to ask? I thought a professional would have the best answer.

"Yeah, it's fine. Girls do it all the time. You'll be all right." He laughed at my innocence. But Marcus was correct. I *was* fine. My body was built for it, I suppose.


FOR GOD'S SAKE, TOM, IT'S 4 AM! GO TO SLEEP!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, HONEY... THERE'S SO MUCH PORN – SO LITTLE TIME!
J. Billette

SUBMISSIVE SEXPOT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE.NET

RIKKI SIX

A hard rocker at heart, **Rikki Six** decided to pay tribute to an old-school headbanger. "My stage name was inspired by Nikki Sixx from Mötley Crüe," **Rikki** explains. "I'm a fan of their music, plus I think it makes me sound sexy and slightly dangerous—which I am!"

But **Rikki**'s musical preferences aren't limited to '80s metal bands. She's also a fan of current pop acts like Ke$ha and LMFAO. In her down time the California cutie also likes to spend time "laughing with my friends" and watching action films. "I love movies about fast cars," **Rikki** divulges. "*Gone in 60 Seconds* and the *Fast & Furious* flicks always get my engine revved."

When it comes to down-and-dirty action, **Rikki** is invariably attracted to alpha males. "I like guys who know how to take charge," she says. "I tend to be more submissive, so I'm naturally drawn to men who are more dominant. I don't like it *too* rough, but I enjoy a strong guy who can toss me around some."

Sexy **Ms. Six** is quite the adventuress. "My most memorable sexual experience happened on a lifeguard tower at Huntington Beach," **Rikki** recalls. "My friends were having a bonfire, and I snuck away with my boyfriend. I don't think anyone could see what we were doing, but I was so horny at the time, I didn't really care!"

RIKKI'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Riverside, California | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 105

When it became apparent that the small plane was going to crash, the pilot addressed his terrified passengers. "Does anyone onboard believe in the power of prayer?" he solemnly asked.

"I do," announced one of the travelers. "I'm a devout Christian."

"That's perfect!" the pilot exclaimed. "We're one parachute short."

Pete was in bed with a naked blind chick when she purred, "You have the biggest penis I've ever laid my hands on."

Pete replied, "You're pulling my leg."

Gerty decided she wanted to look younger, so the fifty-something rounded up a range of cosmetics designed to knock years off her age. She spent five grueling hours applying the various creams and lotions, then emerged from the bathroom and presented herself to her husband.

"Howard, be honest with me," Gerty cooed. "What age do I look?"

"Let's see," Howard retorted, looking her over. "From your skin, I'd say 25; from your hair, 21; from your figure, 33."

"You're so sweet," Gerty gushed.

"Hold your horses, dear!" Howard hollered. "I haven't added the numbers up yet."

While shooting the shit with her girlfriend, Mary remarked, "I don't know what the big deal is about edible panties. After you wear them a couple of days, they taste just like the other ones."

Thinking that her goldfish had epilepsy, a blonde took it to an animal hospital. A veterinarian watched the thing swim around for a few minutes, then said, "Your goldfish seems calm enough to me."

"Wait until you take it out of the bowl," the blonde gasped.

Question: How do you get a Jewish woman to stop having sex?

Answer: Marry her.

David rushed excitedly into his local tavern. "A lady just fainted on the sidewalk!" he yelled to the bartender. "I'm gonna need a double shot of brandy!"

The barkeep hurriedly poured the liquor into a snifter and handed it to the regular. "On the house," he said.

"Thanks," David replied before downing the brandy in one gulp. Then he bellowed, "I always get real stressed out when I see someone faint."

An uptight lawyer carrying a box of frozen crabs boarded an airliner in New Orleans. Right away he asked a flight attendant to take care of them for him. She took the box and promised to put it in the crew's refrigerator.

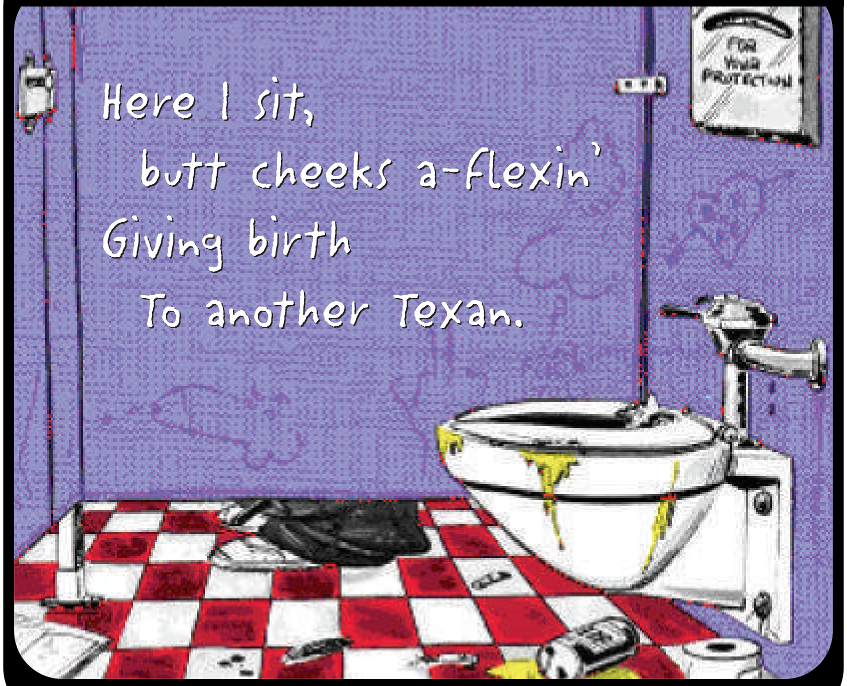
"I'm holding you personally responsible for those crabs staying frozen," the lawyer sternly warned her. "I promised my wife I'd bring some back with me."

"They'll be fine, sir," muttered the flight attendant, who was annoyed by the man's arrogance. In fact, she couldn't wait for the plane to land in New York City so she could give the fucker his comeuppance.

A few hours later, as the plane was taxiing toward the terminal, the flight attendant made an announcement over the intercom: "Would the gentleman who gave me the crabs in New Orleans please raise your hand?" she politely asked.

Not one hand went up. The embarrassed lawyer shuffled off the plane empty-handed, and the flight attendant took home a scrumptious surprise for her boyfriend.

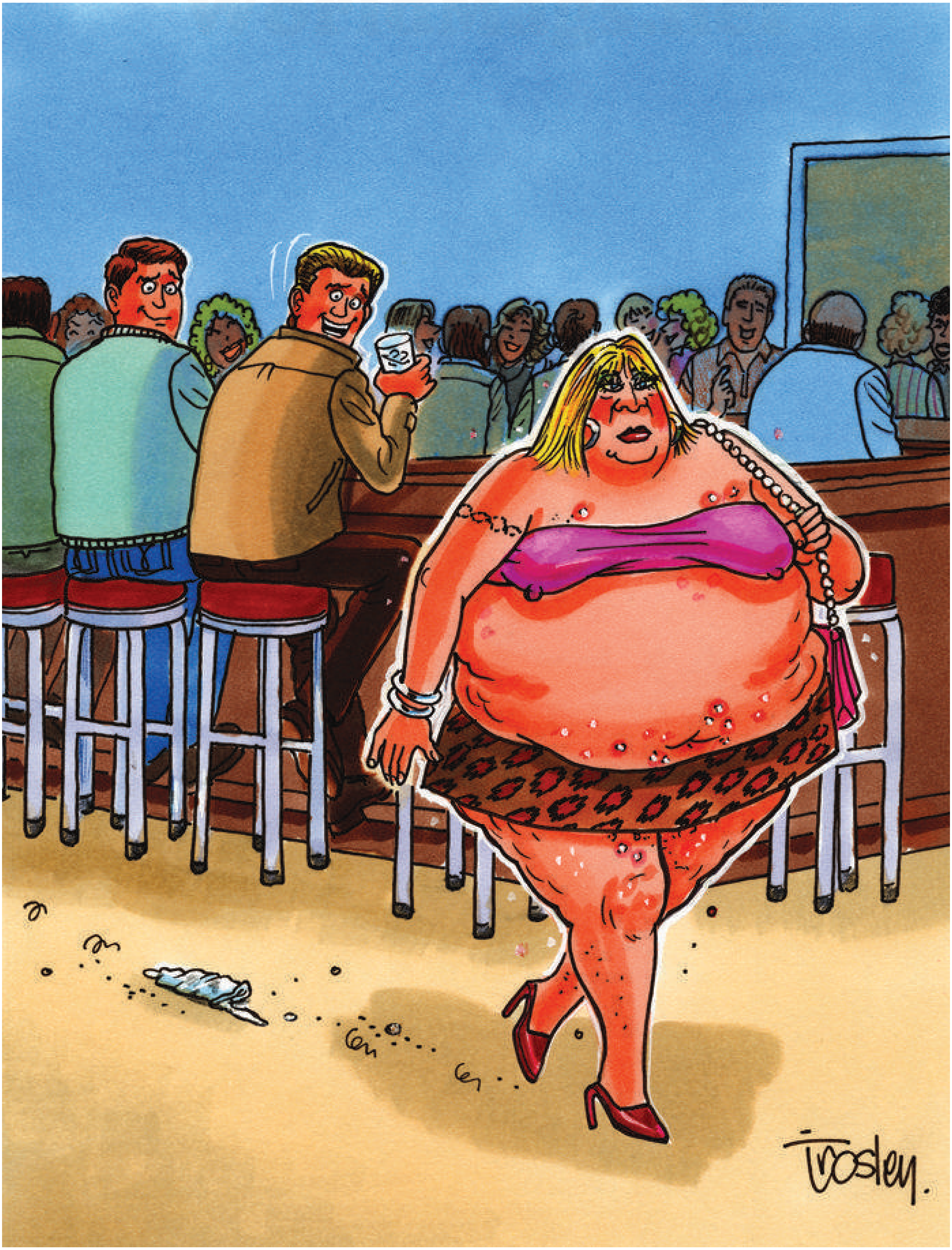
GRAFFILTHY



Here I sit,
butt cheeks a-flexin'
Giving birth
To another Texan.

Thanks and $50 go to W.A.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



“Been there…thank God I was too drunk to remember…done that.”

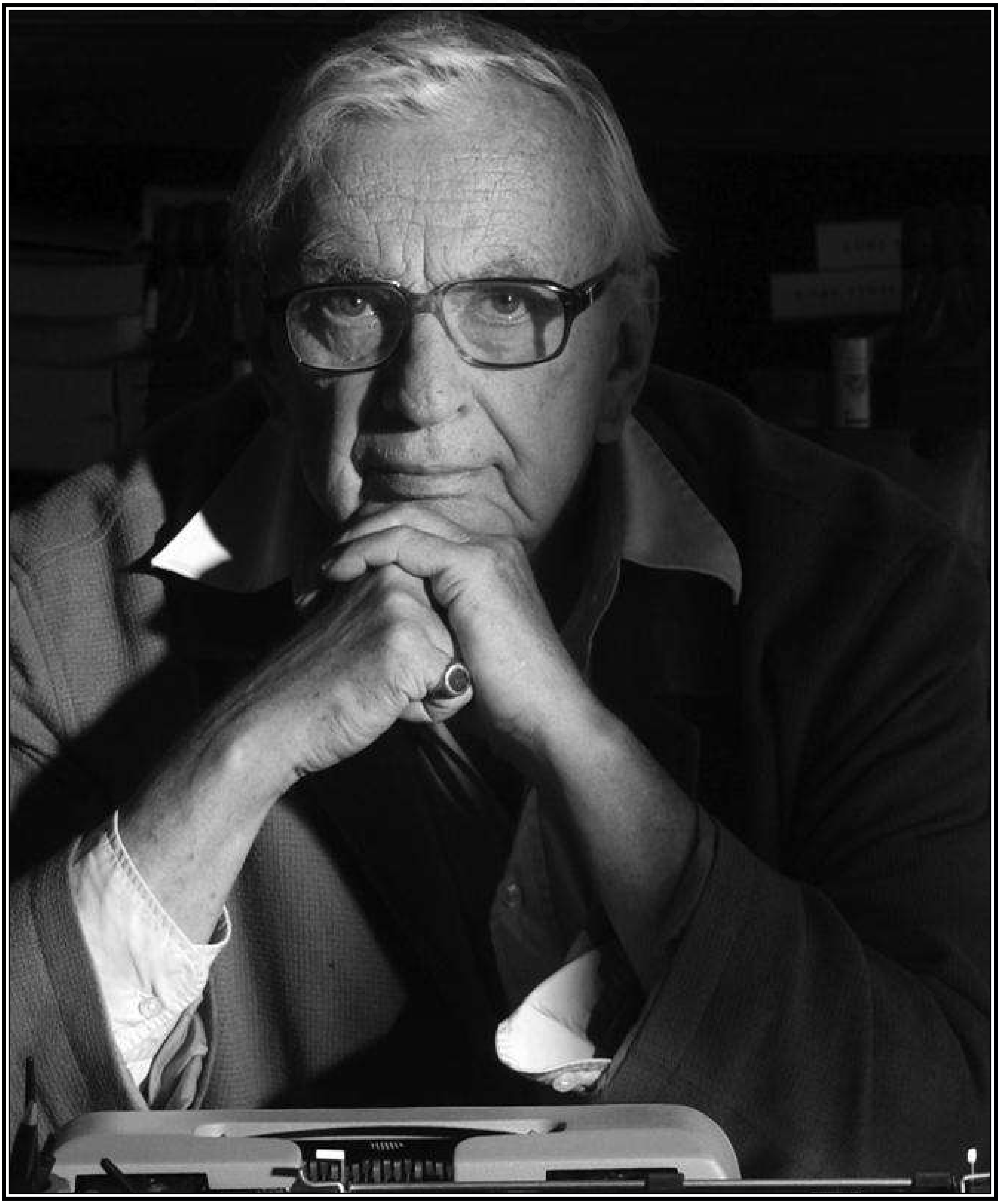


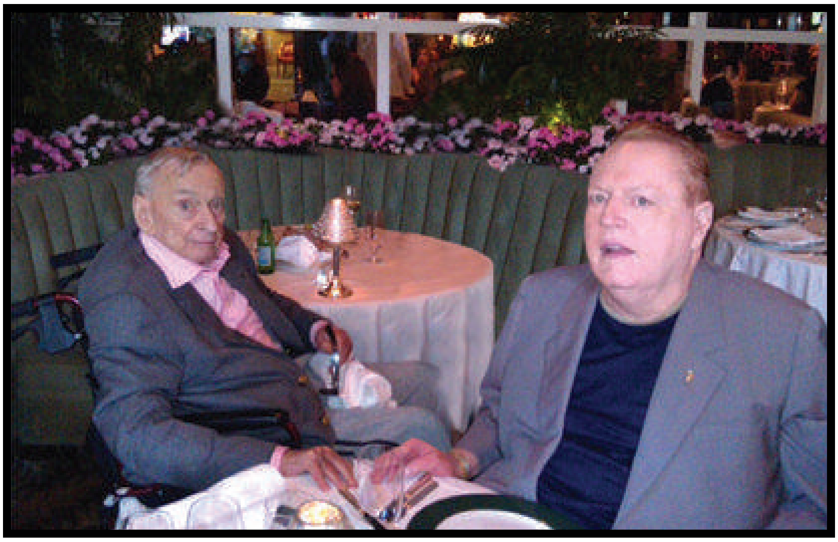
PHOTO BY GETTY IMAGES

MY FELLOW REBEL

LARRY FLYNT REMEMBERS GORE VIDAL

I'm not an intellectual giant, but Gore Vidal was. Until I met Gore, I'd always said that the smartest person I'd ever known was Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the American atheist. After meeting Gore, I felt those two were on par as having the greatest intellect of anyone that I've ever known.

Gore Vidal authored more than 30 books, and they weren't the kind that could be written in a year. He wrote the kind of books that you'd spend two or three years to write. His book on Abraham Lincoln became the gold standard for all other works on Lincoln, and there have been more than a thousand. Gore was also a playwright. You could compare him without hesitation to greats like Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller. All you have to do is watch his play *The Best Man* to know that Gore Vidal is in that league. *Myra Breckinridge* may be his best-known novel, but many people don't realize that he also wrote the screenplay for the classic film *Ben-Hur*.



Gore realized the magnitude of human sexuality and put it in the proper perspective: The greatest single desire that we have is the desire for survival; the second is the desire for sex. He never tried to compartmentalize sex, knowing that individuals vary according to what their sexual needs are. Gore once remarked that there is no such thing as homosexuality, only homosexual acts. He always thought that if you're not harming anyone else, whatever you do is your business. We shared that philosophy.

I think Gore considered me a rebel with a cause, as was he. He came from a highly charged political family. He knew Franklin D. Roosevelt and was a personal friend of the Kennedys. Gore understood liberals, progressives and conservatives alike. But he felt that when it comes to human rights, if you're going to err, it's best to do it on the side of the liberals because it's a disaster to do it with Republicans.

Gore had a liberal voice, and he was very proud of that voice. He didn't have any pretentions about being anything other than what he was. He defended liberal causes his entire life and never wavered from any. He used to say that there's no difference between the two main political parties; they're both paid for by the same people.

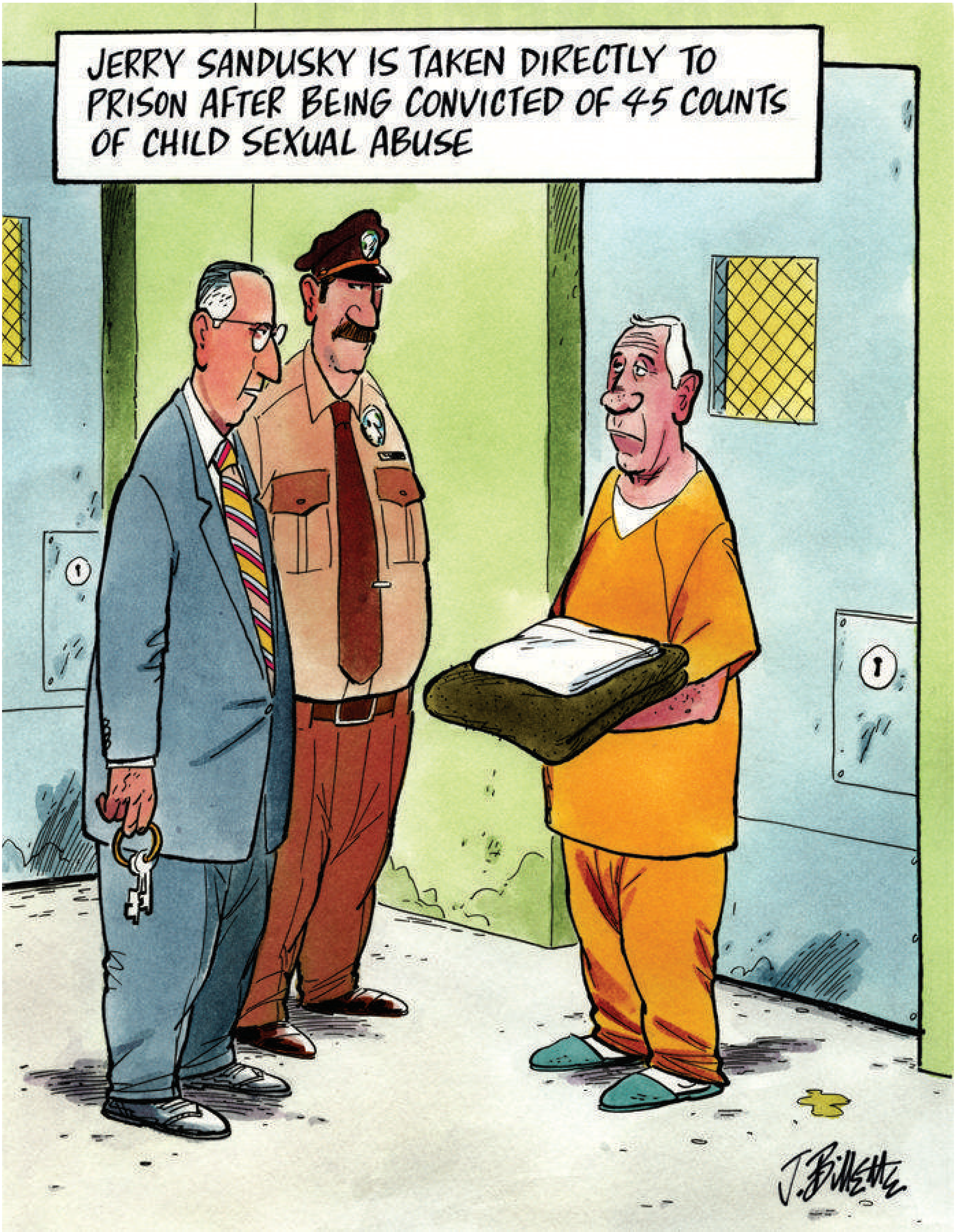
That infuriated many because Gore was such an intellectual, people listened to him. He had a way with words that could leave you spellbound. His political wit and incisive social discourse made some of the debates he did with conservative rival William F. Buckley Jr. on *Crossfire* in the 1960s legendary.

When Gore said that America was heading toward dictatorship, he was being a realist. We the People no longer own this country. Money owns it. The American Dream envisioned by the Founding Fathers has stalled. And it will continue to fade as the major political parties become stronger and as institutions, especially the banks, control the flow of ideas. I think Gore was looking at the world order as a whole, as well as issues like the USA PATRIOT Act, by which the government has virtually wiped out our right to privacy. Gore was aware that the Orwellian days are alive and well.

Gore's works on everything from the Roman Empire down to our own country's history have become classics at libraries and universities around the world. Whether a novel, play or an essay, it's all poetry if it was written by Gore Vidal. When you look at the accomplishments of his life, especially his great body of work, I don't think you could find another author or journalist who could claim to be better.

As far as I'm concerned, Gore was the best. And I'm happy to be able to say he was a very close friend of mine. I was with him in his final days, and my personal doctor took care of him for the last 30 days Gore was alive. I'm going to miss him, and America is going to miss him. Gore Vidal has left us a rich legacy, one that I hope each new generation will discover.

GORE VIDAL, ONE OF OUR GREAT MEN OF LETTERS, DIED AT AGE 86 ON JULY 31, 2012. HIS CLOSE FRIEND AND KINDRED SPIRIT OFFERS A PERSONAL EULOGY TO AN AMERICAN LEGEND.


JERRY SANDUSKY IS TAKEN DIRECTLY TO PRISON AFTER BEING CONVICTED OF 45 COUNTS OF CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE
J. Billette

"Mr. Sandusky, you are being put on suicide watch. That means we would love to watch you kill your fucking self!"

HARDCORE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Flesh mob: April O'Neil, Kagney Linn Karter (top right) and Jessie Andrews honor the ***Godfather****.*

Godfather XXX

DREAMZONE ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** LEE ROY MYERS. **STARRING:** KAGNEY LINN KARTER, JESSIE ANDREWS, APRIL O'NEIL, BRIDGETTE B., VERUCA JAMES, PETER O'TOOL, TOMMY PISTOL, MICHAEL VEGAS, ANTHONY ROSANO & MR. PETE.

It's official. No cinematic masterpiece is safe from the porn-parody onslaught. This deadpan spoof is funnier than most, with Dong Vito Whoreleone the head of a dirty-movie empire looking to rub out the competition. That means a lot of porn in-jokes, like when the wiseguy wakes up with a whore's head in his bed. Get it? The whore in question turns out to be Jessie Andrews, who has more screen presence than a machine gun and fucks like every day is her last. While the Dong (played with aplomb by Peter O'Tool, one of the fattest men in smut) hands out wisdom about aging pussy, his horndog sons are busy cum-spattering the likes of top-heavy blondes Bridgette B. and Kagney Linn Karter. All the talent is top-notch, particularly April O'Neil as the hottest Italian sausage grinder this side of Little Sicily and Tommy Pistol as Michael. *Godfather XXX* is what a parody is supposed to be: hot, hilarious and a decent homage at the same time. If only Brando were alive to say this: They made you a porno you can't refuse. ***—M.J.***

Bridgette B and Veruca James help the family take over ***XXX****.*

THIS MONTH'S
MASTER
STROKE

Cram session: It ain't an ***Orgy*** until everyone's wet—especially pierced beauty Bella Luciano (bottom right).

Sority Orgy

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: OLIVIA WILDER, BELLA LUCIANO, JASMINE DELATORI, CHARLEY CHASE, GISELLE LEON, EMME MICHELLE, BILLY GLIDE, RYAN DRILLER, JOEY BRASS & ALAN STAFFORD.

This movie is solid proof that higher education in America is still the best in the world regardless of what all the book-smart experts say. Where else can a coed learn how to suck off the nearby fraternity with all of her sorority sisters? And where else than in a roomful of raging hormones can a young pledge learn how to keep it hard until he's fucked every undergrad twat in the room? Those are life skills! (Especially if you're smart enough to take your sexology degree to Porn Valley, where the real jobs are.) A sextet of spoiled Alpha-rated chicks offer up their deltas in this nonstop cram session, so there's not a wasted second of screen time. Hence our rock-hard rating. Let's be honest, fucking the brains out of the Sigma girls was the only good reason to saddle yourself with student-loan debt for the rest of your life. —***M.J.***

*Jayden Lee, Asa Akira and Katsuni (bottom) pump up the profile of **Asian Ass**.*

Up My Asian Ass

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, JAYDEN LEE, KATSUNI, MARICA HASE, SHARON LEE, MR. PETE, DAVID PERRY, TONI RIBAS, MANUEL FERRARA & ERIK EVERHARD.

There's a popular conception that the Asian ass—possibly due to the diminutive stature and modest demeanor of your average Asian female—is as tight as a Tokyo subway car at rush hour. Steamy lotus Jayden Lee does nothing to explode that myth, squeezing her butt muscles around the nearest cock with stereotypical Japanese dedication. Marica Hase continues the buttonhole fun. With her geisha makeup so smeared at the end of her ramjob, the sweet-faced import looks like she fell facefirst into a bowl of teriyaki. Hardcore legend Katsuni—who's done more than Nixon ever did to open the Asian market for backdoor exploitation—turns in another double-penetration jawdropper that will have you trying to fuck the TV. (Keep tweezers handy to remove the shards of glass.) Then Sharon Lee, who nobody told is too perfect for porn, grimaces and moans her way through an anal tight-squeeze that would make that subway car feel roomy. Finally, who better to bring up the rear than Asa Akira? Next time you're at a sushi joint, order ass of Asa. It's a rare delicacy. ***—M.J.***

Aiden Ashley (with Andy San Dimas), Penny Pax (right) and Dani Jensen (bottom) aren't afraid of the **Dark**.

The Dark Knight XXX

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** AIDEN ASHLEY, ANDY SAN DIMAS, CHRISTY MACK, PENNY PAX, DANI JENSEN, BRENDON MILLER, BRIAN STREET TEAM, CLARKE KENT, DERRICK PIERCE & GIOVANNI FRANCESCO.

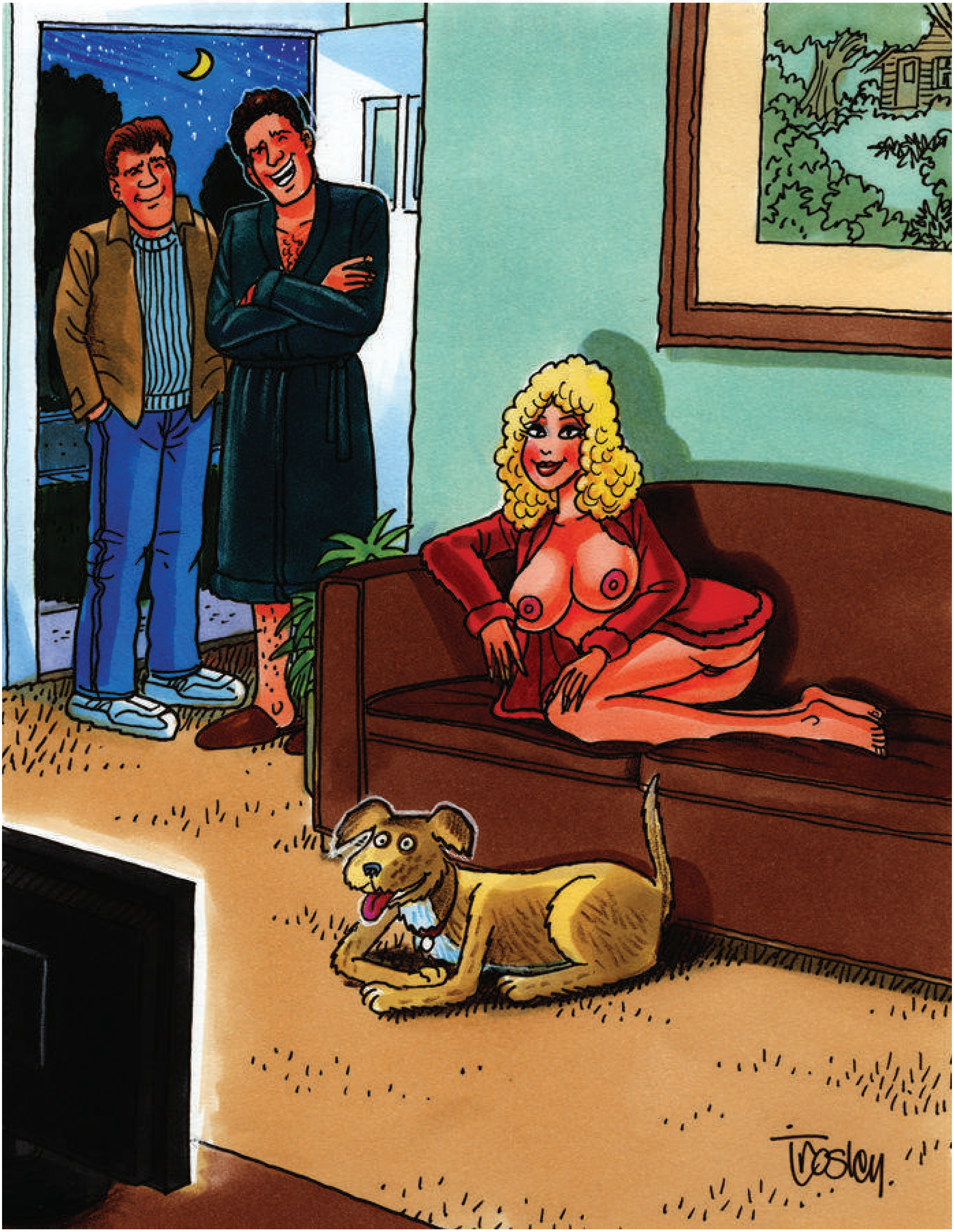
Watching this at home with your pants down is a whole lot safer than going to the movies these days! This bulletproof pornification is stocked with references aimed at Batman geeks. As you might expect, the Joker is a horny poker who kicks off the nastiness by ass-fucking Batgirl (heavily latexed blonde Penny Pax). Like most of the sweaty episodes in this candy-colored flick, the scene is more labored than wild, but things loosen up some when a squealy Dani Jensen as Poison Ivy shows up for a villainous pound. She's followed by a drooly Catwoman (tiny-nippled Aiden Ashley in a crotchless catsuit), who takes a great cum-shot right in the eye without a flinch. Now *that's* a superheroine! There's plenty of dark pomposity (known as drama in Hollywood) to wade through in this humorless spoof, but the climax with Aiden and Andy San Dimas vaginally ganging up on *Dark Knight Rises* baddie Bane might have a certain charm for horny psychopaths. Enjoy this flick while you're waiting for your Kevlar to show up. Relax, it's a joke. **—M.J.**

Amateur Action #3

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MARK ZANE. STARRING: ERICA FONTES, MANDY ARMANI, JACKY JOY, HOLLY ANGELS, TRACEY SWEET, TIM VON SWINE, DAVID LORD, JOHNNY THRUST & MARK ZANE.

The concept is simple: Get a camera, find a girl, check the age on her ID, get her tested at the free clinic, have her fill out her paperwork, haggle with her about how much she's getting paid or if she's getting paid at all, tell her this is her way to break into the business so she should shut up and get naked already, start over after she storms out. God knows how many chicks the alleged do-it-yourselfers on this POV disc went through before they struck trashy gold, but strike it they did. The barely legal newcomers look like they wash their hair with peroxide, sell their food stamps to make their boobjob payments and can't wait to fuck fat dudes with cameras. In other words, ideal hardcore material! Study this movie carefully, enjoy your new career and don't underestimate how much discipline it's going to take to hold that camera steady. ***—M.J.***

*Strictly **Amateur**: Holly Angels (top left), Erica Fontes (bottom left) and Jacky Joy ply their hobby.*



"She was a stray, so I took her in, fed her, cleaned her up...
and my dog likes her too!"

WAVES OF PASSION

ALETTA OCEAN

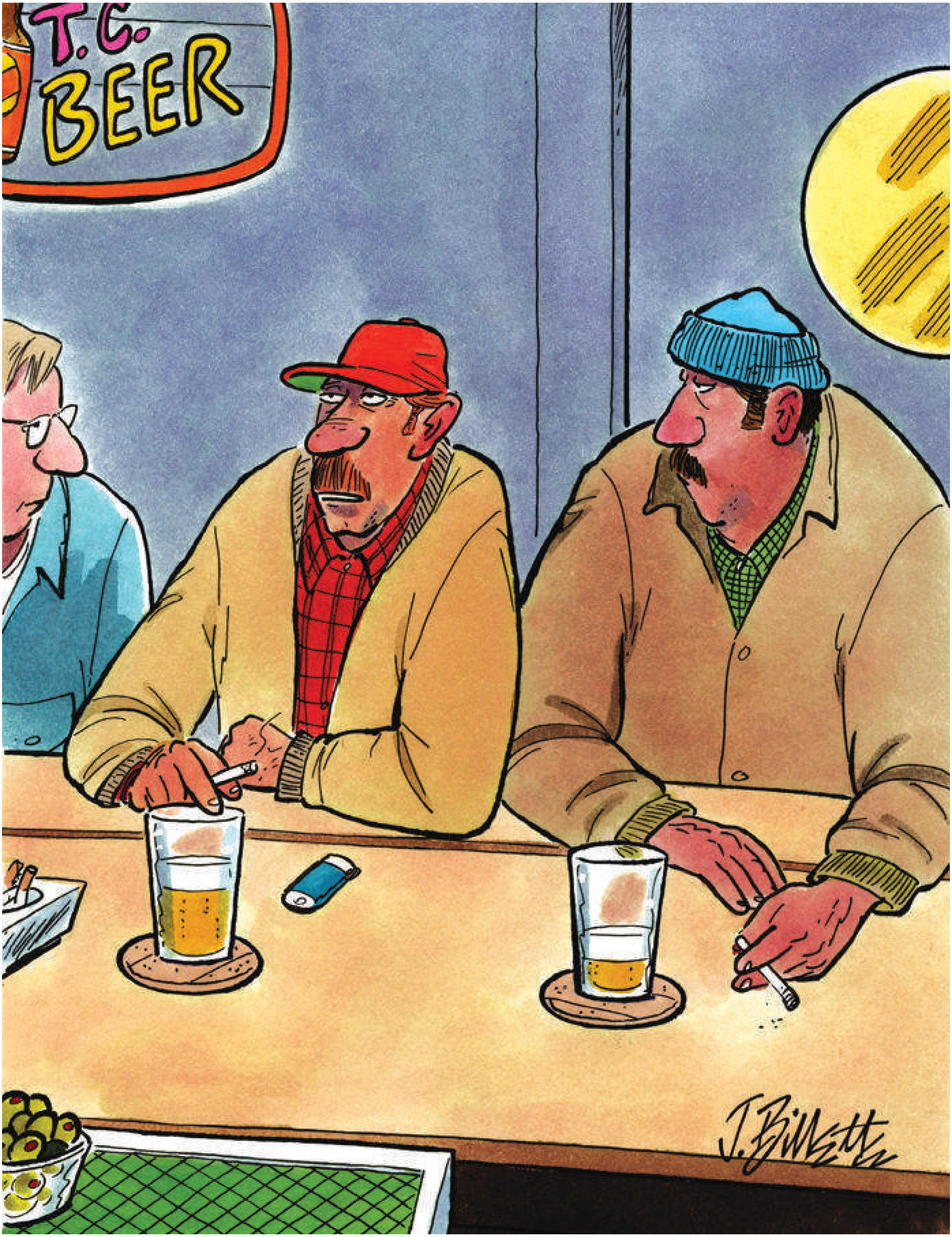
After another grueling tour with her roller derby squad, April (**Aletta Ocean**) decides it's time for a vacation. Looking forward to getting away from humanity, she rents a secluded beach house in northern California.

But when April arrives at her rental pad, there's a dude (**Eric Swiss**) in the shower. Puzzled, she asks him what he's doing there.

"I'm squatting," the handsome fellow replies. "Nobody's been in this cabin for weeks. But don't worry, I'll hit the road."

April stops him in his tracks. She likes the cut of the hobo's jib—and the size of his cock. Before the bum can pack his bindle, the feisty rink rat discards her clothes and lures him onto the couch.

They suck and fuck until sundown, then start all over again the next day. It's the greatest vacation April has ever had.



"Guys, I finally gave my wife an orgasm last night!
Then she ran to the can and spit it out."

MOVIE Mammaries

CAREY MULLIGAN

Carey Mulligan is the latest British export to seduce international audiences with a combination of acting chops and natural beauty. Like Rachel Weisz, Emily Blunt and countless hot crumpets before her, Ms. Mulligan has proved herself capable of delivering powerhouse performances while remaining an object of highbrow lust.

The lass's movie career began at the tender age of 19 when she landed the role of Kitty Bennet in *Pride & Prejudice* (2005). Following that celebrated flick, Carey appeared in several British feature films and television productions, including a guest spot in 2007 on the long-running show *Doctor Who*.

Mulligan had already racked up a handful of impressive turns by the time she was cast in *An Education* (2009), a drama that catapulted her into the ranks of viable leading ladies. She was nominated for a Best Actress Oscar, but we'd liked to have seen some skin. Sadly, *An Education* didn't require Carey to take an introductory course in onscreen nudity.

Although Mulligan's mammaries weren't unveiled in the theatrical version of *And When Did You Last See Your Father?* (2007), they made an overdue debut in the special features section when the tearjerker was released on DVD.

Moviegoers were later treated to a fleeting glimpse of Carey's mulligans in *The Greatest* (2010). She flashed a little boob in a make-out scene but withheld a full-frontal onslaught for a later day.

It came with Mulligan's work in *Shame* (2011), which delighted cinephiles and nudity lovers alike. Rated NC-17, British director Steve McQueen's film explores the world of sex addiction, giving Carey the opportunity for her boldest cinematic performance yet. She fearlessly threw caution and clothing to the wind for the shower scene pictured here.

We're doubtful that Carey Mulligan will be stripping down so flagrantly in her next outing, a star-studded remake of *The Great Gatsby*. Nevertheless, we plan on keeping an eye on this adventurous rising star.

AND WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?

FROM PRUDISH TO SHAMELESS

THE GREATEST

SHAME

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Rosa Delgado

AGE: 28

LOCATION: Seattle, Washington

SEE HER AT: @RosaDelgado805

While growing up on the West Coast, Rosa Delgado dreamed of working in the medical field. However, once she came of age, the Mexican-born *chiquita* chose a profession that doesn't require years of rigorous study and a stethoscope: exotic dancing.

"The idea was to graduate from college and eventually become a doctor," Rosa recalls. "But I found it easier to show my cookies, and I'm making what a doctor does!"

Thanks to her line of work and penchant for tatts, people may get the wrong idea about the 5-foot-2 Instagram aficionada. While acknowledging that some strippers are attracted only to bad boys, that reputation doesn't apply to Rosa. "A lot of girls like big dicks, and some like clean shoes," she says. "For me it's someone who is sweet and has a nice smile. I love straight teeth. That's very important."

Rosa isn't just luscious and bodacious. "I'm very crafty," she reveals. "I love to sew and bake. My hobbies also include interior decorating. I'd make a very good wife!"

Husband candidates will be most impressed in the bedroom, where she shows off her most remarkable talent. "I'm very oral," Rosa reckons. "I give head like I enjoy it because I really do, but size isn't important to me. What I do need is a guy who can eat my pussy right. I don't care if he's a one-minute man or has a two-inch dick, as long as he can tongue-fuck me until I come, then I'm happy."

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

GIRLS OF INSTAGRAM

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

HEATHER KENNEDY

AGE: 42

LOCATION: Los Angeles

SEE HER AT: Facebook.com/heather.kennedy23

Heather Kennedy might look like the typical California girl. She's a busty blonde with a lovely tan and toned body. But our latest Cougar actually hails from Bennington, Vermont. "Growing up in southern Vermont was fun," Heather recalls. "I was on the drill team. I was a little shy, sometimes a little outgoing, depending on my surroundings."

An attribute that has benefitted Heather's modeling career did some growing up as well even before the small-town gal was a sophomore in high school. "Everyone thought I had a boobjob, but nope," the 5-foot-1 brastuffer explains. "My mom put me on birth control in the summer after my freshman year. When I went back to school in the fall, my boobs that had been small Bs were Ds. So you can only imagine what people thought!"

Well, more than 20 years later, Heather is as ravishing as ever. She's also a part-time entrepreneur. "I love modeling," she says. "But I also love crafting. I make and sell jewelry, clothing and bikinis."

Eligible bachelors who find Heather alluring need not share her interest in all things crafty, but she does have a few rigid requirements for the men in her life: "Good personality, good hygiene, and he has to be my biggest fan!"

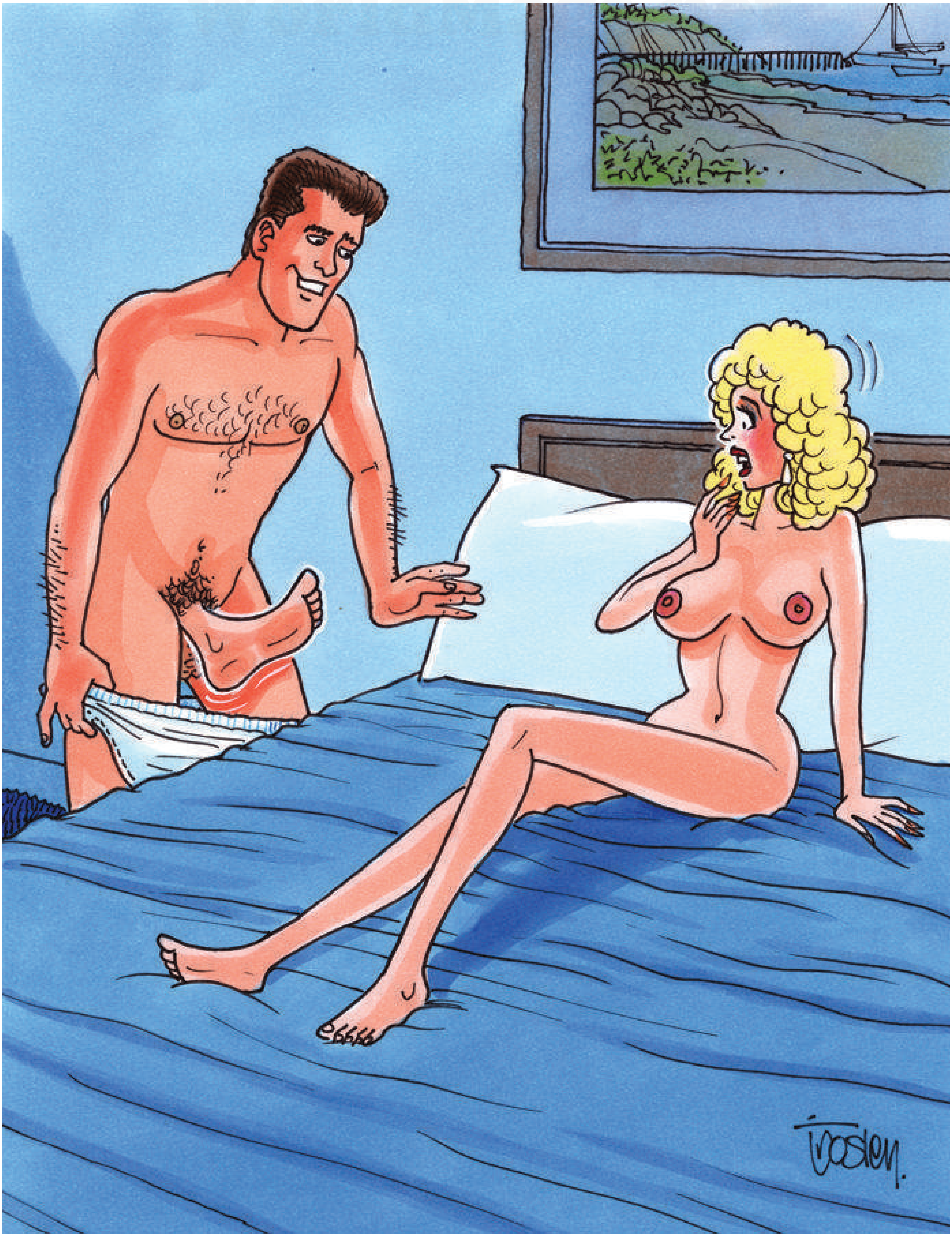
When it comes to sex, Heather tends to be somewhat conservative. "I'm all about one-on-one," she specifies. "But on occasion the right man can coax out my naughty side."

Who wants to join Heather's drill team?

If you are interested in being featured in *Cougars Unleashed*, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

COUGARS UNLEASHED



“When you said your cock was a foot, I thought you meant,
you know, 12 inches…”

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"Doggy-style is my favorite 'cause I love to get my hair pulled, and I have the best orgasms."

JUNO

"I'm willing to try everything, and I like showing off my body," announces Juno, 22, a "bubbly and outgoing" waitress from Carlsbad, California. "Now I've found a place to get my modeling career started." It appears that the 5-foot-2 skin-mag rookie, whose fave TV show is *Bad Girls Club*, is as ribald as her nookie is bald. "My best friend and I once went streaking at a public library," Juno recounts. "But our boyfriends at the time thought it was funny to put our clothes on a railing across the street. We had to dodge traffic with nothing on but sneakers and nail polish to get them." Juno is nimble even within a vehicle. "I rode a guy I dated while he was driving on a freeway in broad daylight," she lays on us. And how's this for a fitting fantasy? "I want to get my pussy eaten while *I'm* driving." But sex isn't the "bi-curious" cutie pie's only kick. "I love coming up with new food ideas," Juno elaborates. "I know how to cook fancy dishes to make my other half happy. My specialty is seafood linguini." And booty calls with men who signed up to serve our country: "I like doing soldiers because I'm patriotic." —Photos by Friend

Support Our Troops

SHELLY

"I've realized that at 34 and after four kids, I actually look sexier than I did back when I was 18," declares this "happily married MILF" from Charleston, South Carolina. "I have a more womanly body, but I'm still crazy at times, wild and happy go lucky." Besides being a caring "mama figure" and an avid devotee of HUSTLER, *Two and a Half Men* ("before Ashton Kutcher"), *Doomsday Preppers*, songbird/actress Olivia Newton-John, sushi and photography, Shelly is a randy wife. "I'm very sexual, meaning I'd take it five times a day if hubby would give it to me," the 5-foot-3 "*Twilight* junkie" remarks. "When it comes to sex with men and women, I've been there, seen it, done it and invented it; there is absolutely nothing I haven't tried." Nevertheless, Shelly has a fantasy: "I'd love to have a threesome with me blowing my husband and my neighbor behind me. Omigod, I would love that!" —Photos by Shelly

"We were all born nude, and I just do not like clothes. I really love buying them, but I seldom wear much!"

LAUREL

"I asked my husband to take sexy pictures of me because I wanted HUSTLER readers to see that the girl-next-door can come in many fun sizes and ages," proclaims Laurel, a 5-foot-8 nurse from Shelton, Connecticut. "Seeing as how I'm a 44-year-old mom with three sons, I believe I can call myself a MILF." Called on to tell us more about herself, the newly minted Beaver replies, "My hobbies are camping, target shooting, sewing, taking bubble baths and having lots of fun before going to sleep." Laurel has stitched a very moving scenario: "My fantasy is to have sex with hubby and another couple on a train." —Photos by Husband

"I love being naked in the woods or an open field and getting myself off."

STAR BREEZY

"Ever since I saw my first HUSTLER, I began dreaming of being able to show off what this little cowgirl has," says Star Breezy, 24, a "fun, kind, open, friendly and a little shy at first" secretary from Ashtabula, Ohio. "I've also dreamed about being a porn star since my junior year of high school." With that in mind, the 5-foot-3 Facebook, photography, hiking and skinny-dipping enthusiast certainly boasts the requisite résumé. "I have always been very promiscuous," Star admits. "I'm bisexual, seductive and submissive, and I've taken every chance I can to enjoy the company of a hot guy or gal. I have a great boyfriend, but he loves to watch me with other guys and gals. We are very open." What Star likes to watch are *CSI*, *Swamp People* and old westerns. FYI: She's not averse to being lassoed. "I had sex in an elevator at a Hard Rock Cafe," the die-hard Rascal Flatts fan recalls. "But my most memorable deed was when three guys tied me down and slammed all of my holes. Nothing is better than when there's a cock in my mouth, pussy and ass at the same time. I'm getting wet just thinking about it." Star sure is thoughtful: "One of my fantasies is to go to a party and sleep with all the guys there."

—Photos by Lady Friend

"I rode horses a lot when I was younger; now this cowgirl loves riding cocks."

"I'm single, guys!"

"My sexual fantasy would be to one day surprise a guy in his office by bringing him something to eat for lunch (besides food) and having sex bent over his desk."

RITZY

"I love HUSTLER—the clothing, the women and the clubs," raves Ritzy, 24, an exotic dancer who was born in New York City, raised in Southern California and now resides in Austin, Texas. "But most of all I enjoy being naked. I have a very outgoing and adventurous personality. I enjoy meeting new people and trying new things—like posing nude for HUSTLER." As for old things, Ritzy reveals, "I like most '90s rock bands—especially Goo Goo Dolls, Creed and Bush—but I also listen to Alanis Morissette, Kirko Bangz, Lil Wayne, Nicki Minaj and Drake." The 5-foot-3 newbie isn't solely a music buff. "I love trying new restaurants, going to the movies and watching TV," Ritzy explains. "Some of my favorite shows are *Mob Wives*, *Jersey Shore* and *Destination Truth*." We've now reached thrill country, where "bi-curious" Ritzy will describe being a goo goo doll herself. "My favorite sexual activity is performing oral on a guy and receiving a facial," Ritzy fesses up. "And my favorite position is any kind of doggy, but I also like trying new ones." Finally, how's this for a baredevilish creed? "I love having sex at the beach, in a parked car with the windows rolled down or while I'm bent over the hood," Ritzy relates. "Pretty much everywhere else besides my bed." —Photos by Ron Neumann

BECKI

February is Super Bowl month, and the game can't be played without a referee. So we've tossed in this role-playing zebra who's earned her nude-modeling stripes as a bush-sporting Beaver. "I love HUSTLER!" howls Becki, a Las Vegas lifeguard hailing from the Bahamas. "I also love swimming, dancing, cardio exercising, *Dr. Phil* and showing men what I can do with my long tongue and hot pussy." It seems the 5-foot-5 thirtysomething blows more than a whistle! "I'm straight, submissive, nasty and ready for new things at any time," Becki adds. Smacking of that latter trait is the Sin City denizen's delicious fantasy: "I want to have my pussy licked while I'm eating a hard-salami sandwich in a deli." —Photos by Friend

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If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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Please Print

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Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

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City | State | Zip

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Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

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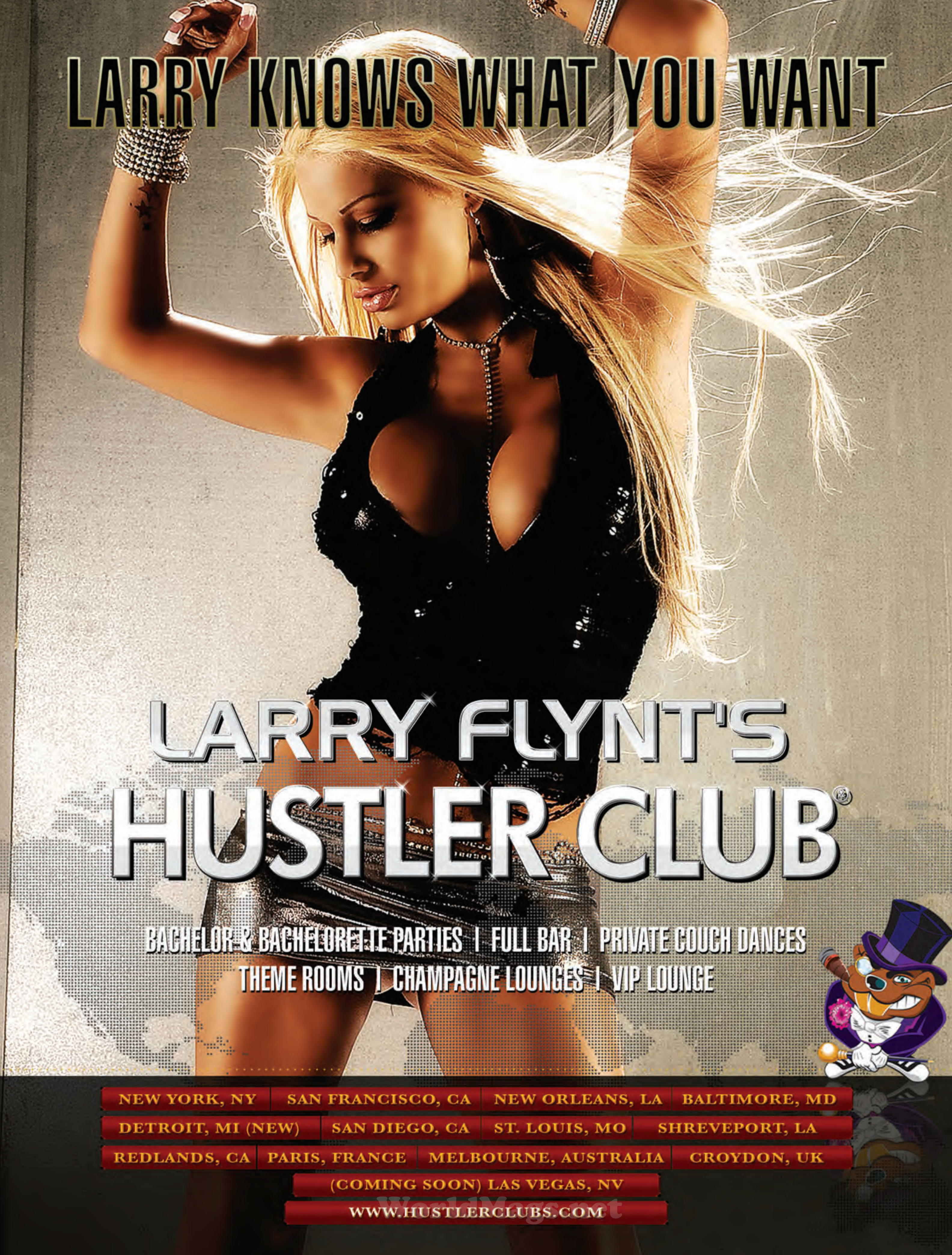

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LET'S GET SOAKED

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

No one enjoys the tedious task of waiting around at a car wash—except for the lucky stiffs shown here. These dudes were fortunate enough to patronize a car wash staffed by hot, slutty chicks who know more about polishing a cock than a vehicle.

When **Holly Taylor** catches a glimpse of customer **Joey Brass**, she's so overcome by lust that she sucks him off right in the parking lot. Slightly more discreet, **Kendall Karson** retreats to a back office for a boning session with **Billy Glide**. **Rikki Six** gives **Evan Stone**'s bone the full-service treatment, while **Missy Martinez** and **Eric Swiss** exchange fluids.

We're not sure where this car wash is located, but we might spend the rest of our lives searching for it.

ngs.net

PAULA: PASSIONATE PINK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE MCLEAN

APRIL 1980
HUSTLER CLASSIC

"I love sex," says **Paula**, who has designed her life to meet her needs. "There are a lot of ways to get by without working," she also tells us. Aside from modeling, **Paula** makes ends meet as a professional game-show contestant and as an escort to wealthy men. In Hollywood, where she lives, there are many opportunities for a beautiful, sexual woman. **Paula** takes them all.

MELODY JORDAN

The Holiday '12 issue goes on sale November 27, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

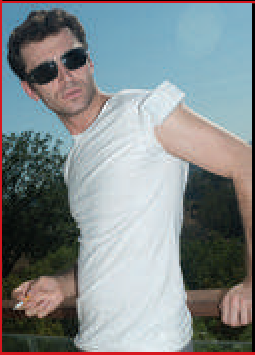
COMING NEXT

BROOKLYN LEE'S PRESIDENTIAL CRUSH

"I tweeted it, and the whole thing just went crazy," Brooklyn Lee recalls, but the porn star hadn't simply fired off a banal text message. Sending shock waves worldwide, Lee had posted a snapshot showing her and fellow skin-biz gal Tasha Reign sidling up to former President Bill Clinton at a charity gala in Monaco. Find out how *AVN*'s Best New Starlet was able to generate adult entertainment's photo-op of the year as journalist Anthony Petkovich joins Brooklyn Lee just a week later for her birthday bash.

DAVE ATTELL: PORN-SOMNIAC

Stand-up comic Dave Attell is a stand-up guy. Best known for his late-night TV series *Insomniac*, the hedonistic jokester idolizes Larry Flynt and HUSTLER Magazine. "It's provided me with decades of super hardcore erotica," Attell confides in an uproarious interview with reporter Keith Valcourt. Besides filling us in on his latest endeavor—glorifying the golden age of XXX cinema as the host of *Dave's Old Porn*—the "comedian's comedian" talks about his obsession with smut, entertaining the troops in Iraq and why he can't wait for the plague of holidays to end.

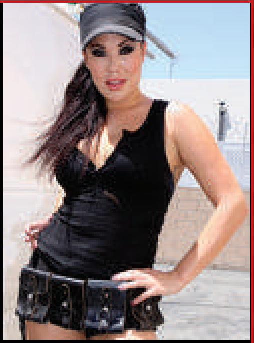


JAMES DEEN'S HOLLYWOOD PENETRATION

Fleshing out the crossover story of the year, Oriana Small aka Ashley Blue interviews XXX stud James Deen, Lindsay Lohan's intimate costar in the new Paul Schrader movie *The Canyons*. "James has seen my butthole," says Ms. Small, making her the ideal reporter to pop in on Deen, who waxes on Lohan, cumming, condoms, the secret to great sex and who gives the best BJs. (Take a guess.)

RAW ACTION: *EXPENDABLES* GETS XXX'D

Who better than a former porn queen to hang out on the set of HUSTLER Video's big-budget 3D action-movie spoof? "All the horsing around and socializing is done in the makeup-and-wardrobe facility," notes our correspondent, who chitchats in a veritable harem with hotties Andy San Dimas, London Keyes, Ana Foxxx and Jessie Andrews as they wait "patiently and professionally for their turn to fuck."



WHO SHOT SANTA?

The Democratic Party used to be America's Santa Claus' whose "gifts" included Social Security, unemployment insurance, the GI Bill and Medicare. Then along came Scrooge aka the Republican Party. Progressive thinkers Thom Hartmann and Sam Sacks explain how the GOP reinvented itself as a Santa for the rich 1% and has manipulated the Democrats into shooting their Santa by slashing social programs.